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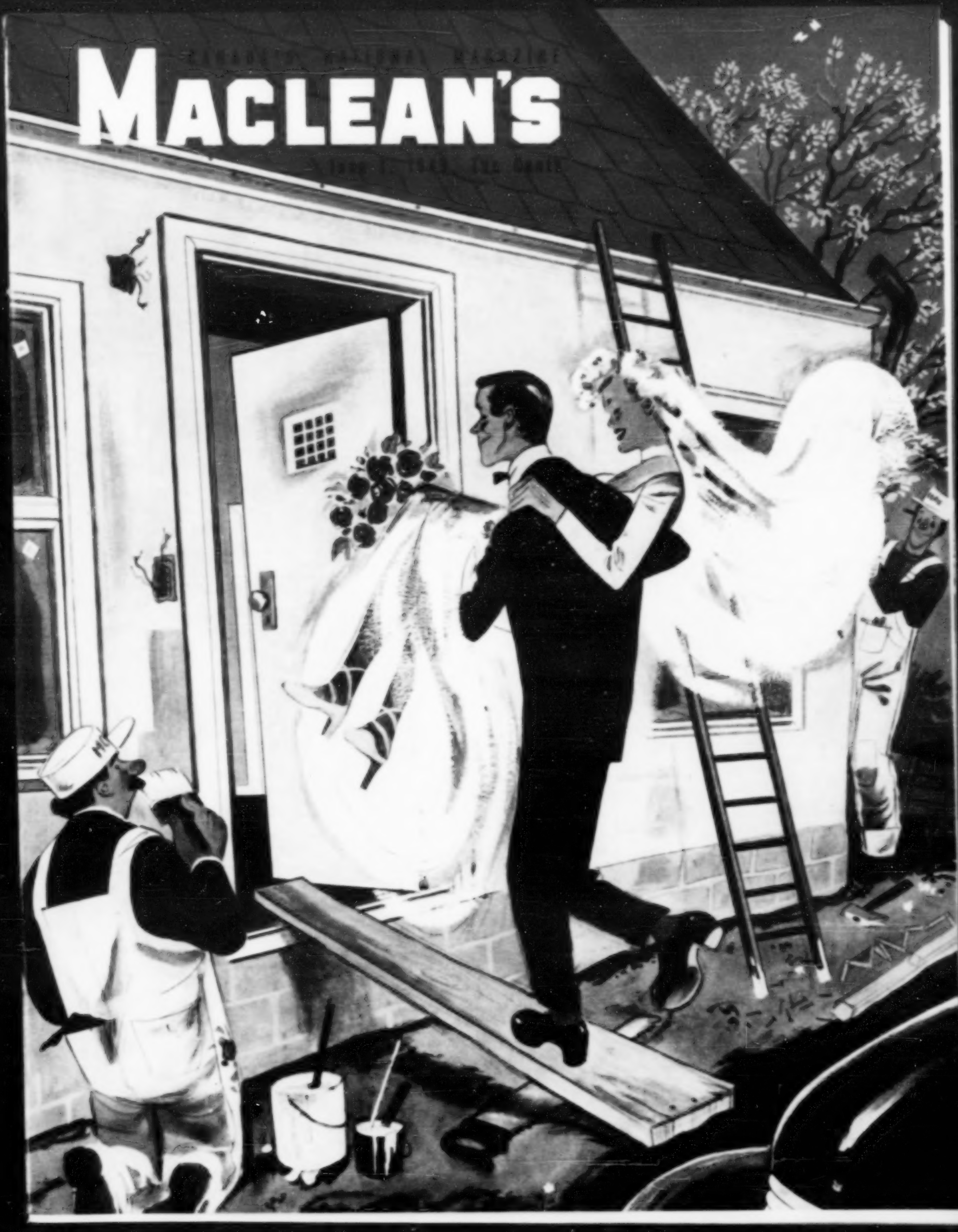

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President
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EDITORIALS

We Should Dig Out The Tax Squanderers

NO MATTER who wins the election the new Government should name a commission like the one headed by ex-President Herbert Hoover, which lately reported (not too favorably) on the structure and efficiency of government in the United States. Canada needs this kind of enquiry for several reasons.

Political campaigns stir up nasty questions that call for impartial answers. George Drew, for example, has made very serious and damaging statements about the Canadian-built North Star aircraft.

Mr. Drew's charges, and the denials of Messrs. Claxton and Howe, are in direct variance. If Mr. Drew is right the error in judgment should be corrected. If he's wrong, and can be proved wrong by a nonpolitical investigation, it may not be too late to repair the damage done to an important Canadian export and to public confidence in Canadian air transport.

Aside from specific matters like the North Star, we need a general survey of the process of government in Canada.

It's trite to say that the cost and burden of the state have been multiplied many times since 1939. It's equally obvious that government services, as well as government costs, have been greatly extended.

Not so obvious are the answers to two vital questions: Are all these services necessary? Is this swollen state machine giving us full value for our money?

Most taxpayers think, rightly or wrongly, that the answer is no. They suspect that many an obsolete function, many a needless duplication is included in our annual $2 billion bill for being governed. The revelations of the Hoover Commission, which found the American Army budgeting for soldiers' homes in Alaska at an apparent cost of $58,000 per house, have deepened Canadian suspicion that we'd find the same kind of thing here if we looked for it.

Perhaps we wouldn't—but it would be a good idea to look.

Our Movies Do Us Proud

IN OTTAWA, a month ago, the first presentation of Canadian Film Awards was made by Hon. Robert H. Winters, the minister responsible for the National Film Board, to seven films made in Canada in 1948.

All seven had been screened before, but to see them all together gave them a new impact. Not all are first-rate—the Film Board's documentary on schoolteaching, for one, struck us as inept and weak—but the over-all effect of the evening's program was astonishing to people unaccustomed to think that Canada has a film industry. You realize that this is original Canadian work, and that much of it is brilliant.

Norman McLaren's experiment with pen-and-ink drawing directly on film—no camera, no sound-effects apparatus—has a delightful freshness; so have the animated puppets in the Film Board's little *Chantons Noel*. As for the "film of the year," the Crawley Films production of an old Indian legend, "The Loon's Necklace," it's a small masterpiece—flawless within its own dimensions, and distinctively Canadian.

The new Film Awards may help us to remember what many Canadians too easily forget—there's real creative talent in this country. We're beginning to grow up artistically as well as politically and industrially.

Those Awful Matinees

THERE'S another kind of movie about which no one can feel very proud—the bloodthirsty thriller some theatres run on Saturday afternoons to catch the elementary school trade. It's shocking to see youngsters of kindergarten age lining up to watch exhibitions of underworld violence.

When parents of an Ontario municipality complained that these Saturday matinees were giving their children nightmares, a theatre manager explained that there just weren't enough children's films for suitable programs at every theatre every week end. Apparently "the show must go on," even with undesirable films.

But no child has to go to unsuitable pictures. It's easy enough for parents to find out what's showing before doling out the movie money. If more of them did that we'd guess that better programs would be the result.

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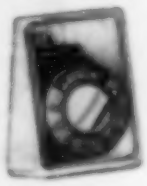

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• Shown above is the Super-Deluxe fully automatic model 1225 with two full-sized ovens.

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In the Editors' Confidence

WITH this issue we welcome a new assistant editor, Leslie Hannon. His arrival on Maclean's staff coincides with the completion of a handsome new string of offices, one of which he shares with a researcher name of Shirley and a critical pencil (no name). All three of them have the final job of getting the product of our writers into shape for the magazine.

This involves editing, subheading, titling and often a long anguished look out the window at the great steel bores of the new Sick Children's Hospital in search of the sharp fresh phrase. It is no surprise to Mr. Hannon that editors go through these pangs, acute as those borne by writers, in doing their job. Mr. Hannon has done this sort of thing before on The Dominion, a Wellington, New Zealand, newspaper, and the Sydney Morning Herald in Australia.

His birthplace was Invercargill, N.Z., 29 years ago this month. He started his journalistic career with the Southland Times as a cub reporter. He went to the Middle East as an infantryman with the New Zealand Division, and for three years lived the trying dangerous life of Desert Rat, a life in which all things were uncertain except the knowledge that Rommel didn't have a chance against the men from Down Under.

Mr. Hannon was wounded in 1943 and was sent home, where he was 18 months recovering from the effects of an Afrika Korps shell exploding on the lip of his slit trench near Tunis.

When he started out for Canada a year ago it was his intention to free-lance his way around the world. We're glad he's thrown away those timetables and has pulled up a chair here.

Les Hannon. A world tour halted.

In Mustard and Oils

Ernest Buckler, who wrote "Last Stop Before Paradise," on pages 22 and 23 of this issue, is the same man who won first prize and $1,000 in our recent Canadian short story contest. When we were discussing this article about his hometown of Bridgetown, N.S., with Mr. Buckler by letter he warned us that "it may not be an entirely gentle portrait, more in mustard than sometimes in oils."

We feel, however, that he has mixed the ingredients with a sure and kindly hand and we had the feeling when we read the piece that anyone who ever had a home town would meet many people and see much that was familiar as they strolled through Bridgetown for the first time with Mr. Buckler as guide.

The Editors

OSCAR CAHEN, who painted the cover on this issue, tells us he carried his own wife across the doorstep of the house he is building near Toronto, before he started to paint this picture. All this, however, has no significance beyond pointing up the fact that Oscar, to use the name with which he signs his pictures, is a conscientious researcher. The Cahens have been married for six years and have a son Michael, aged 4. Oscar, whose work has often appeared in Maclean's in the past, likes chess, music and old cars, one of which he drives.

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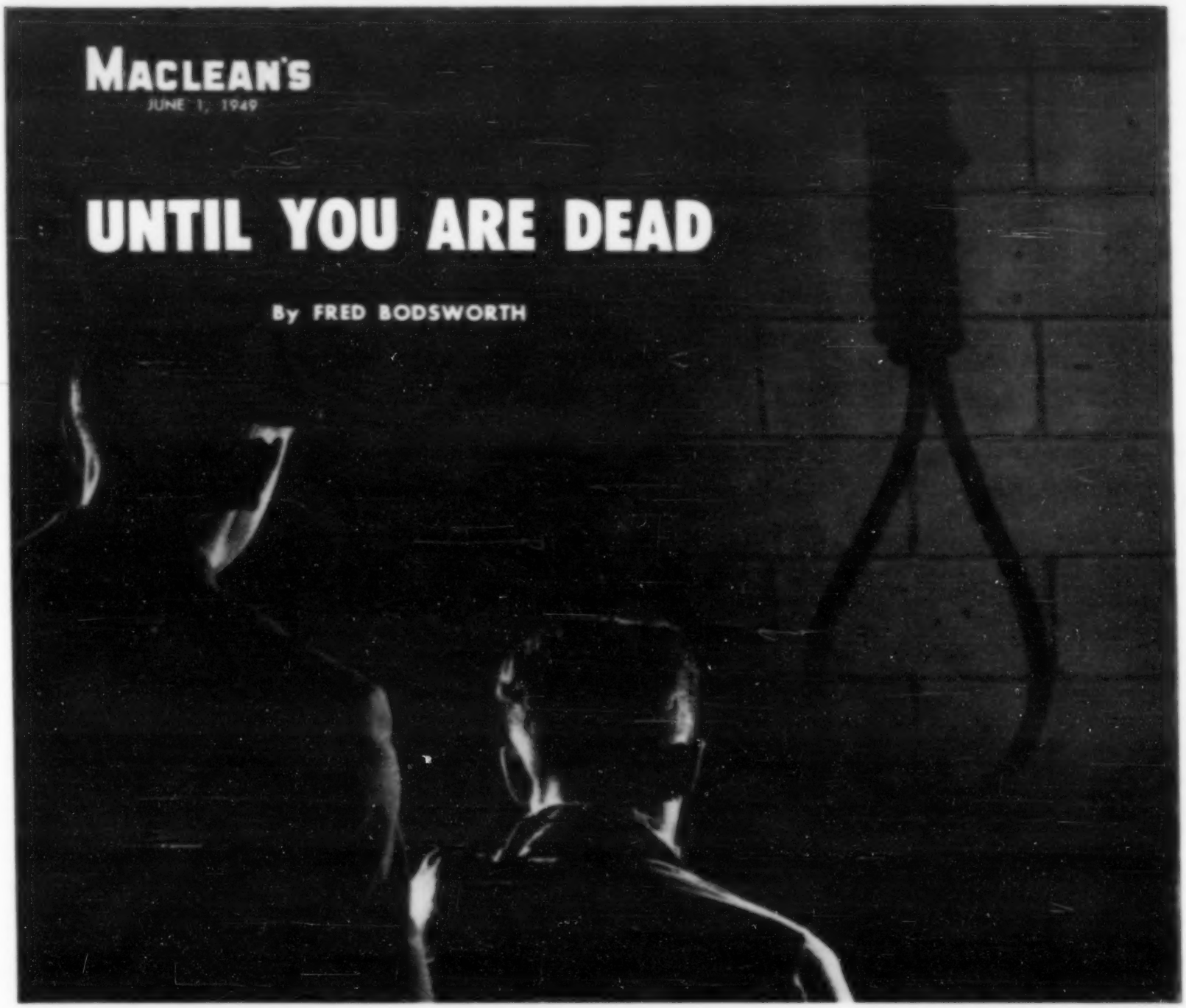
MACLEAN'S
JUNE 1, 1949

UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD

By FRED BODSWORTH



Innocent men have been legally murdered because there's no second chance when the gallows trap springs. Should we abolish hanging?

THE eerie light of dawn slants through the death cell window. The condemned man, trembling and white, sits hunched on his unslept-in cot while the Salvation Army padre reads hoarsely from his Bible. A deputy sheriff and doctor appear at the barred door.

"The doctor thinks you should have a hypodermic," the deputy sheriff says. "Would you like . . .?"

The prisoner nods. Three quarters of a grain of morphia is injected into his arm. The deputy sheriff and doctor leave. The padre intones: "Shall we pray?"

Forty minutes later the hangman, nattily dressed in a dinner jacket and white gloves, arrives in the corridor. The jail governor, hangman, two guards and sheriff file into the cell. The hangman deftly ties the prisoner's hands behind his back with a short length of rope.

Then, led by the padre, the grisly procession moves toward the jail yard where the gallows waits starkly in the grey dawn.

The padre, Bible in hand, mounts the 13 steps first. Then the prisoner, with the hangman pushing impatiently from behind. Below, grim-faced and silent, stand the sheriff, his deputy, the jail governor, the two guards and doctor.

The hangman kneels and quickly binds the prisoner's ankles. He throws the black shoulder-length hood over the condemned man's head, adjusts the noose of stiff new rope about his neck, the big knot behind the left ear.

The padre is but halfway through the Lord's Prayer, but the hangman grabs the lever and the trap springs open with a creak of unoiled hinges. Like a long black sack, the victim drops. The rope tightens with a thud. The body bounces at the end of it, the pinioned arms and legs jerk spasmodically.

Only the hangman saw this. All the others had eyes closed or heads turned away.

This barbaric eye-for-an-eye life-for-a-life rite is enacted about a dozen times a year in Canada. The hangman also plies his trade in Britain, most of the British Dominions, in 11 American states, and in Japan, Austria and Hungary. In 30 other U. S. states the thud of the rope is replaced by the crackle of the electric chair or the hiss of the gas chamber's acid crock—the same rite in modern guise.

Does this parade of legal murder fulfill the noble aims attributed to it? Is it in keeping with the enlightened intelligence and avowed humanitarianism of our age? Or, in a day when we claim to approach social problems scientifically, are we clinging to a relic of the dark ages?

In the gruesome story of "the rope" and the "hot seat" there is plenty of evidence to show that capital punishment fails in the job it claims to do.

The defense of capital punishment narrows down to one basic argument: it is essential as a deterrent to the general public—a warning of what the law will do to you if you bash your neighbor's brains out.

Opponents of capital punishment reply that it is no deterrent at all. They say evidence suggests strongly that the death penalty *increases* the murder rate. Other evils they see in the death penalty: the possibility of executing innocent men; its horror influences juries to bring in lenient verdicts and acquittals; it violates the sanctity of human life; it brings *Continued on page 58*

DRAWING BY LEN NORRIS

MAKE WAY FOR THE ONE-EYED MONSTER

A Radio-Age Man from the Canadian Wastes finds the shape of things to come in the Cyclops eye of New York's telescreens

By PIERRE BERTON

THE City of New York has always presented hazards to the visiting Canadian, but until last week I, for one, had never encountered any serious language barrier. It is now, however, necessary to warn the traveler who wanders into the tall jungle of Manhattan that he will almost certainly be faced with the sort of conversational gambit that was tossed at me during a small house party a few days ago.

"Say, Jack," said a man across the room. "Did you catch Channel Nine last night?"

There was a general knowing giggle which left me blank.

Finally a friend came to my rescue by explaining that I was from the Canadian back country, had no knowledge of television, and therefore couldn't know that a group of college students were experimenting in a clandestine fashion with this particular TV channel. They had, my friends solemnly declared, been showing naughty and illicit Mexican-made movies to the delight of most of the television addicts in the New York area.

As there are more than half a million sets in greater New York, these addicts number well over two millions. If a New Yorker isn't an addict he has a friend who is. The chances are that the friend spends most of his time hanging around the addict's house.

Men and women who have spent years fruitlessly Luxing their undies nightly, or reading Dale Carnegie until they can recite him backward without winning a solitary friend or influencing a child of five, have suddenly found themselves being treated like Harry Truman the day after the election simply because they have acquired a TV set. "In the old days," one of this happy breed confided to me, "we never used to see anybody. Now we have a wide and influential circle of friends."

We may soon expect this sort of thing in Canada, now that the CBC has announced its own TV plans. Within 18 months the Joneses next door may have their first receiver. When this happens the things that are going on in New York will become part of the Canadian social pattern.

New York is history's first TV town. At the moment it has the greatest number of televiewers per square rod, and is the only area in the world where you can choose between five separate programs from five separate stations (six if you count Channel Nine).

In this teleconscious town, where the natives speak glibly of "similcasts" and pugilists wear specially striped telepants for clearer reproduction on the cathode tube, the visiting fireman inescapably finds himself, like a Wells time traveler, viewing with some awe the picture of our future society.

The terms "mores" and "folkways" crop up whenever TV is discussed. "Television will undoubtedly have a profound effect on our social mores," five or six New York televeterans told me. Already the effect is being felt.

A man I know who owns a set swears that he has known a man intimately for a year without once seeing his face. "He comes into our room in the dark, sits down in front of the set, stares at it until the show is finished, gets up and puts his hat on and leaves before we get the lights on again," he told me.

A friend of mine in Manhattan, who is trying in his own puerile way to stem the wave, refuses to buy a receiver. "This monster will devour us all unless we resist it," he told me seriously. "I refuse to have my life dominated by a 10-inch picture, blurred at the edges."

But the wave is already lapping at the ankles of this Canute. Sundown finds him fidgety; dusk comes and the telelust is on him; night falls and a milky way of telescreens wink on. He phones an acquaintance who owns a TV set, leaps into a Yellow Cab, trundles across town and meekly takes his place with the other pilgrims before the shrine.

The televirus is creeping inexorably across the city. A big indoor pool is now advertising "Swimming With Television." In the bars, where TV has been the greatest thing since the free lunch, a new social stratum has emerged which places the Scotch and soda drinkers close to the screen and the beer and ale men well to the rear. On the Avenue of Americas a fund raising organization has tried to attract attention to itself by building an entire $15,000 house on a vacant lot. To attract attention to the house they've turned on a TV set on the walk in front.

The cliff-like apartment *Continued on page 56*

Next Stop, Hong Kong

By FRANK HAMILTON

THIS SUMMER at Vancouver's International Airport an ex-bush pilot named Grant McConachie will launch the most ambitious project in the history of Canadian commercial aviation. As president of Canadian Pacific Airlines he will inaugurate Canada's first trans-Pacific plane services which will bring New Zealand, Australia and the Orient closer to North America than ever before.

The air traveler will be able to lunch in Vancouver one day and lunch in Hong Kong the next, covering 6,952 miles in 19 flying hours. He will get a seven-league-boot hop around the northern rim of the world, over a quarter of the globe's most forbidding terrain.

Heading to the far south the traveler will be able to buzz down the Pacific to Australia, via New Zealand, in less than two days. This 8,899-mile journey will be broken by rest stops at Hawaii and Fiji.

To CPA's hustling, 40-year-old president his new routes are the fulfillment of a 19-year-old ambition. Back in 1930 the aviation experts scoffed at the young bush pilot's dream of a northwest passage, but stubbornly, Scots-Canadian McConachie outflew bankruptcy and bad luck to pioneer the uncharted, unmapped northland and prove himself right. In doing so he became as much of a legend in the Far North as Dan McGrew.

McConachie's confidence and jet-propelled initiative have helped transform the fledgling CPA from 11 bush-line companies into a top-flight airline in less than seven years. Today CPA, like its parent the frontier-smashing CPR, carries the pioneers to and from North America's last frontiers—Alaska, the Yukon, the Northwest Territories and Labrador. McConachie claims that on a regular flight his CPA gets closer to the North Pole than any other airline in the world, including Russia's. The route, longest of CPA's 10 domestic hops, is 1,154 miles from Edmonton to Aklavik where the MacKenzie joins the Arctic Ocean.

Although the rival, government-owned Trans-Canada Airlines has a monopoly on the more lucrative transcontinental routes, the new trans-Pacific services will give CPA a chance to spread its wings, and will add 15,824 miles of overseas routes to its 9,770 miles of domestic lines. McConachie is confident that the trans-Pacific runs will make his 52-plane CPA Canada's leading airline. At present, although TCA has fewer planes (47), fewer miles scheduled (7,912 domestic, 8,275 trans-Atlantic), it has five times the volume of business.

With his trans-Pacific service McConachie is also making a bid for an international clientele. CPA will be able to get the air travelers to and from Asia and Australia faster, and in some cases cheaper than any other airline. Vancouver-Hong Kong flights via Kodiak, Shemya, *Continued on page 44*

A cargo of painted crows put Grant McConachie into the air transport business. Now he is putting Pacific into Canadian Pacific Airlines

Trapped in a sunken ship fifteen frightening fathoms down, Giles remembered life on land, then made his incredible decision

THE CHOICE

By SCOTT YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

IN HEADQUARTERS of the Royal Canadian Navy in Ottawa the commodore climbed the 11 steps from the street, limply returned the sentry's salute, and reached around his stomach for the signal a pale Wren messenger held out for him. He read it as he stalked, toes turned slightly outward, along the hall and wheezed a little with the effort of the stairs. At his own desk he buzzed for his captain. He heard the door open and, without looking up, he knew his captain stood there attentively in front of his desk.

"They've sunk the Oxbow, Charlie," the commodore said. "Eighteen miles out of Halifax. Off the Sambro lightship. About half casualties."

The captain picked up the signal and read without speaking.

WHEN the corvette Oxbow was torpedoed at last light on the day of April 29, 1945, a civilian electrician named Giles was at work in the wardroom. He was aboard because the Oxbow had temporarily lost her electrical artificer to a small blonde on the Northwest Arm and Sub-Lieutenant Harold Marker had arranged informally with shore authorities for the hire of Giles for a few hours, to fix a faulty toaster in the wardroom. When the Oxbow was ordered suddenly to sea to meet a convoy straggler Marker sought and got his commanding officer's permission to allow Giles to come along.

"On your responsibility, Marker," the C.O. said. "And see that he doesn't leave the wardroom."

In the light of what happened later there was some irony in the commanding officer's stipulation.

Meanwhile in the wardroom Giles skilfully was rewiring the defective toaster.

He was a man with thick coarse black hair and eyebrows—a wide mouth. His lips had a hard and shiny look, not soft, as other lips. His nostrils flared slightly although his nose was rather flat, and his eyes were deep-set and as black as his hair, the pupils huge. His ears were large and flat and below each of them was a small mark like a scar or a fold of skin. He wore a leather windbreaker, a grey flannel shirt, denim pants, and boots which laced up around his ankles.

"A queer type, sir," observed Leading Steward Patterson, about an hour out of port, as he ladled into a percolator the makings for more coffee. "But I hope he gets that toaster to go."

Sub-Lieutenant Marker did not reply, because at that moment a torpedo from the U-198, a German submarine equipped with the schnorkel breathing device which allowed it to stay submerged for as long as there was enough room for both crew and accumulated garbage, hit the Oxbow just aft of amidships. The radio man had time to signal her position once, no more. She sank in 84 seconds. About two dozen men were killed in the explosion, many drowned and the rest were picked up later by rescue ships from Halifax. And in the wardroom, which in a corvette is well forward, Sub-Lieutenant Marker, Leading Steward Patterson and Giles, the civilian electrician, were trapped by buckling steel companionways and went ninety feet down with the Oxbow. Marker and Patterson drowned quietly and without ostentation as many other sub-lieutenants and leading stewards had drowned before them.

GILES became unconscious a few minutes after the Oxbow sank, but reached this condition only after a fierce threshing of arms and legs and a feeling of deathly constriction in his chest. This terrible pressure flowed and ebbed, almost with the regularity of breath.

Each flow pushed his chest out farther and each ebb left him emptier and weaker and momentarily clear in his head until a final crushing expansion snapped something behind his nose. A pain as sharp and fierce as a heavy electrical shock shuddered down from behind his eyes, splitting outward with an explosion that first lightened the black waters around him and then left them blacker and blacker until all sight and feeling were gone.

There was no way for Giles to tell how long he lay plastered against the wardroom ceiling before he became conscious again. He felt normal, except that he was short of breath. His eyes were open, and seemed to have been open for some time—perhaps even before he wakened. They did not feel sticky and reluctant as eyes normally do after being closed a long time. They registered dimly through the opaque grey-green light that he had his face against the steel deckhead of the wardroom ceiling. Without thought or conscious effort he moved his arms only slightly and whirled half around in the water and lay motionless now with his back to the deckhead, and looked at the shattered wardroom where he'd been working—how long before?—at the toaster.

It lay on the floor below him. A rewiring. A simple job. In the opening to the galley a foot showed, swaying gently back and forth with the imperceptible movement of the water. Giles became curious as to whose foot this was.

His arms moved again, and headfirst he shot down and noted that the foot belonged to the young sub-lieutenant who'd hired him.

The exertion tired him and only then, as he moved his arms again in a brief flapping motion and returned to the deckhead above, the terrible sickness came over him. This sickness swept into his mind irretrievably this time, unrelieved by doubt as it had been before in boardinghouses and ships and hayfields and canneries up and down the Maritimes Coast. His arms were stiff and hard to handle when bent but he moved them and fingered the marks, the scars, the tiny flaps of skin below his ears. They seemed larger and they moved with gentle undulation under his fingers.

He suddenly recalled then the girl in Antigonish who screamed when she saw him in the light after she spent a night with him in a dory tied up at a lonely jetty; the drunken bootlegger in Digby, who staggered across the room and gripped the table before Giles and looked for a long minute into his face before he returned to his own corner with averted eyes; the landlady in the frowzy boarding-house in Port-aux-Basques who insisted that her husband, not herself, should go each morning to make up Giles' bed.

They had known.

A RATTLING uproar against the steel plates beside him sent him swiftly a few feet away, poised like a goldfish in a bowl, alert. Then he relaxed. He recognized the sound, from six years working around harbors while the war went on in the sea around him. It was the noise a depth charge makes, far away, the vibrations of the underwater explosion rattling as if someone in another part of the ship had hit the steel plates with a sledge.

The war, which had

Continued on page 51

Slowly, slowly, the wreck sank to the ocean floor

THE PROMISED LAND

Where their Old Testament forefathers found milk and honey, today's Jews find rock and rubble, o freedom they fought for, and a chance to build a new paradise in the wilderness

The shooting war is over, but Israeli soldiers still patrol. That's Arab country down the valley.

By GEORGE W. HERALD

TEL AVIV—When old little Mr. Alperson, after years of restless wandering, stepped out of our plane at Lydda airport, he wanted to kneel down and kiss the holy soil of Israel. My wife had her camera ready for that solemn moment. But the moment never came.

Alperson and his 34 fellow immigrants were at once taken over by young Israeli soldiers in yellow shirts and khaki shorts who gave them brief instructions in Hebrew, Yiddish and German. We were escorted with shouldered arms to the control building.

At the entrance we noticed a poster showing a gloomy-looking man sealing his mouth with his forefingers. A Hebrew caption under the picture said: "Don't talk! The enemy is listening!"

Although the Jewish war of independence was successfully over this was the spirit in which we were received in Lydda. Everything stood under the sign of military security. The immigrants, whose status was clear, were processed with comparative speed and felt perhaps for the first time in their lives as guests of honor. But my wife and I were two foreign visitors who had suddenly dropped out of the clear sky.

Seven different officials questioned us about the purpose of our visit for over an hour. And with that we were lucky we were Americans and not Britons—one of the officers told us that the procedure would have lasted much longer in the latter case.

An elegant Buick taxi took us to Tel Aviv on the Mediterranean. The driver was a veteran with a leg injury who had just been released from hospital. He had come from Vienna 10 years ago.

"When I arrived here I was no Zionist," he told us, "but today I wouldn't want to change this place for any country in the world."

We only had to look around to understand his choice. The sun shone warmly from a sky as improbably azure-blue as in a Botticelli painting. We were driving through a landscape of well-tended fields and gold-green orange groves. From time to time we crossed an empty Arab village whose clay huts had crumbled under shellfire.

When we wanted to stop behind one of those hamlets to pluck some oranges our driver said: "Oh, these fruits are of third quality. We don't even bother to harvest them. We just haven't got the manpower."

He told us that each of the 150,000 immigrants who arrived here in 1948 found work immediately, and that many more men were needed to step up production and bring down prices.

We passed by Sarona, a former German colony full of oak trees and gingerbread houses. During the uprisings of 1936-1939 the Arabs had their secret headquarters here. It is an irony of history that the settlement now serves as Israel's government seat. The Jews leased it from the enemy property custodian and gave it the name of Hakyria. When they moved in they found Hitler pictures on many walls. Today, every villa contains a ministry; the office of President Chaim Weizman is located in the former residence of a Lutheran pastor from Bavaria.

The lights went on when we arrived on Allenby Road, the business avenue of Tel Aviv. Our first impression of this 40-year-old city of 250,000 was of a medium-size town in California. Dozens of new American cars were driving past. Almost all shop windows carried red or green neon signs. The palm trees and the flat-roofed buildings could have just as well stood in Hollywood. The only major difference was that there were no drugstores and churches here but, instead, Viennese cafés, Czech bakeries, Russian bookstores and Hungarian restaurants.

A dense crowd was moving along the avenue. Most passers-by—men and women—wore military clothes left over by half a dozen World War II armies. When Israel was attacked it had no time to devise uniforms and asked its soldiers to bring along their own outfits. They came in British khaki shirts and shorts, battle dresses, Rommel caps, French Foreign Legion khaki, British A.T.S. pullovers and American fliers' jackets. Some even turned up in kilts.

The members of this checkered army looked just as different as their clothes. Most striking was the contrast between the scholar and merchant types from abroad and the 40% who were born here. The native sons resembled American farmers. They were tall, broad-shouldered, muscular, with often primitive peasant faces—the products of a total regeneration.

People called them "sabras," the Hebrew word for the cacti which grow along the roads here, and, in their thinking and behavior, they were indeed as prickly as cacti. You only had to talk with them about the war with the Arab States to realize why they won it. Their brutal will of self-preservation combined with the stored-up defiance of the newcomers from Europe were resources the Arabs couldn't match.

20 Miles Away—the Arabs

AFTER dinner a colleague showed us the night life of the city. There was only one bar operating, with a jazz band which Polish postwar immigrants started a year ago. This place is patronized by elegant idlers whose fathers have made fortunes as planters or manufacturers. This smart set is the object of much gossip among Tel Avivers and is frowned upon by the city council. Most of the current councilors were brought up in the rigid tradition of Eastern European Jews and have firmly refused to allow any more of the wartime night clubs to operate.

Tel Aviv is probably the most virtuous port of the Mediterranean. You simply don't see any prostitutes, and, if there were any, they would

probably find no clients. Embracing in the street is prohibited, and the soldiers who take their girls out behave as if they were bucking for good-conduct ribbons. We didn't see one who was intoxicated, nor do they use improper words as soldiers do in all other armies. Our escort told us that the worst oath you can throw at a man in Hebrew is: "That your name be obliterated!"

All this doesn't mean that people here don't enjoy themselves. It was Friday night, the eve of the Jewish Sabbath, and the cafés and restaurants were crowded. Many people were queuing in front of the city's main picture house, and hundreds of couples were dancing and drinking light Palestine wines on gaily illuminated terraces by the sea.

What impressed us most was the cheerfulness on nearly all those faces. You could see that these people were happy and content. The Arab border was only 20 miles away from Tel Aviv, but that didn't seem to bother them in the least. Somewhere on the beach an accordion started to play the Hatikvah, Israel's beautiful national anthem. The young soldiers took up the melody in chorus and the waves of the Mediterranean beat time to it.

My colleague, ordinarily no dreamer, asked all of a sudden: "Don't you have the feeling that unexplainable miracles still happen on this soil?"

The next morning we met in front of the Ritz. In other cities, the word Ritz stands for some swanky palace. In Tel Aviv it was just a villa on the beach where the Press section of the Israel Army was located. The section chief, Lieut.-Col. Moshe Perlman, who had served as a British captain during the war, had got us permission to visit the military zone in the Negeb, the southern region along the Egyptian border. Lieut. Lionel Feitelberg, a South African, was our escort.

The landscape began to change behind Rehovoth, President Weizman's lovely garden town. Trees turned into shrub, shrub into grass, grass into weeds, weeds into rubble. Rubble, grey sand, bare rocks as far as we could see. We had arrived in the forefields of the Negeb, the promised land of the Bible and the future.

Lieut. Feitelberg observed that more than two thirds of the new State of Israel consisted of this type of ground.

We shook our heads and asked him what could be done with those 12,000 square miles of barren land. Wasn't it preposterous to found a new state on the mere hope that two thirds of its territory might be reclaimed one day?

Farouk Met his Match

"THIS is actually good earth," the lieutenant explained. "Hundreds of samples have been chemically tested in Dr. Weizman's Institute in Rehovoth. It absorbs water slowly but holds it perfectly and can be used for intensive farming."

"But how are you going to irrigate this immense area?" we asked.

"We are covering the whole Negeb with a net of water pipe lines," Feitelberg replied. "Two of these lines are already working. One runs from Gvar-Am to Beersheeba; the other serves settlements between Niram and Gvuloth, which were founded in 1943. Today we grow peaches, olives, almonds, wine, wheat and vegetables there.

"These colonies are, of course, artificial oases, but let us have peace and you will soon see how fast the green surface will spread on the map."

After a two-hour drive southward we arrived at Negba, the key to the Negeb. Judging by photographs this settlement had been a real Garden of Eden before the war. Now there was no building left intact; even the steel frame of the water tower was twisted. However, dozens of sun-tanned men and girls in uprolled shorts were busy clearing the ground between the shell holes and the molehills. They joyously welcomed us and asked us to share their frugal lunch—cabbage soup, water and a couple of tangerines.

When King Farouk's motorized columns passed by Negba in May, 1948, the colonists threw gasoline bottles at the armored cars. The settlement was situated right on the supply route between the south and Tel Aviv.

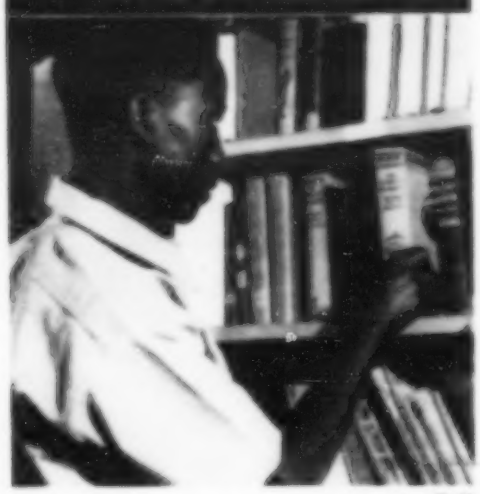
The Egyptian commander figured out how many shells were required to make 300 men, women and children surrender. Then he gave orders to fire double that number. What he didn't know was that many Negba pioneers were former inmates of Nazi concentration camps. They had arrived only a few weeks earlier and had no plans to change their address once

Continued on page 35

Smart workers' apartment blocks stud the suburbs of sunny, fast-growing Tel Aviv.

Tel Aviv's Mediterranean beach is one of the world's best, and hard-working Israelis make the most of it.

LONDON LETTER



They say Britain only exploited her natives.

A Challenge From Mr. Smith

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

A MAN who leads more lives than one receives more letters than, say, his next-door neighbor. And when among the day's correspondence there is a letter from someone unknown which runs to 2,000 words it is apt to be put aside to wait until there is leisure to peruse it. But in the post this morning there was one from Toronto that exceeded 2,000 words and which carried this arresting heading: "A challenge to Beverley Baxter to take a fresh look at terrain which is peculiarly his own."

Well, a challenge is a challenge, something which one must accept or decline, but cannot ignore. The author of this particular letter is Mr. Charles Russell Smith, of Box 304, Adelaide Street Post Office, Toronto, Ont. Mercifully it is typed and mercifully Mr. Russell Smith types his name below his signature, for like many men of strong character his signature is more individualistic than legible.

The case which Mr. Russell Smith argues — and he argues it brilliantly — is that men like myself are so close to the British scene and so concerned with day-to-day political differences that we are allowing the British case to go by default. He claims that Britain's good name is not being damaged by her enemies, "whose power to hurt has been blunted by centuries of trying," but by the apologetics of her friends.

He is good enough to say that I have the ear of a people "wearying for the song of a bard or the voice of a prophet and certainly tiring of the occasional waves of doubt and consbuccension which sweep the North American continent like a blurring mist."

Then he adds this penetrating and colorful paragraph: "You belong to the generation of Canadians who remember the 24th of May in the days of its real glory. It is the generation which marched en masse into 1914, and which today as the senior level of Canadian life wields substantial and penetrating influence. It is an audience

Continued on page 28

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Is It Time for a Change?

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

SOME M.P.'s set out on the election campaign brimming with confidence. Quebec Liberals were particularly cocky — one bet a Progressive Conservative $50 that the Tories wouldn't take more than five seats among Quebec's 73. Another offered to bet they wouldn't take more than 10.

Others set off with a strong hunch that the people hadn't yet made up their minds, that all current estimates are worthless and that the result would be determined by the campaign. If they're right the election will be to an almost unprecedented degree a contest between two men, Louis St. Laurent and George Drew.

If the "little campaign" of the Easter recess is anything to judge by they offer the Canadian voter a neat study in contrast.

Reporters who traveled west with Prime Minister St. Laurent said he was superb at the smaller meetings, especially the non-political meetings. At many a luncheon he sat with M.P.'s of all parties at the head table and he usually took care to make some graceful and friendly reference to the Opposition members present. In all close-range contacts he left a warm, friendly impression.

"The P.M. will be a natural on television," one reporter said.

At the big political mass meetings he was less effective, they thought. Audiences of more than 1,000 people seemed to be left relatively cold. People too far away to see Mr. St. Laurent's small gestures and facial expressions showed little enthusiasm.

Mr. Drew, on the other hand, is at his best on a spotlighted platform with a big crowd before him. His voice fills a large hall without effort; his big frame and clear features seem to project themselves right to the back row. Drew audiences, no matter how large, get a sense of personal impact.

I covered him at one meeting in the Maritimes, shortly after Easter, and on the whole the meeting was a decided success. He had a good crowd — "I didn't know there were this many Tories in the whole of Nova Scotia," one local observer remarked. He held their attention for nearly an hour, and was often interrupted by applause.

It was in the smaller more personal ways that he slipped a bit. He got the local candidate's name wrong, to begin with. More noticeably he kept mispronouncing the name of the riding he was speaking in. (Cape Bretoners call their native island C'Britton; Mr. Drew called it Cape Breeton.) Such things are trivial, but in politics they sometimes turn out to be important.

One Liberal M.P. summed it up thus: "Drew would be wise to stick mainly to the cities and the big crowds. St. Laurent ought to avoid the cities as much as he can, but do plenty of talking in the small towns and villages."

Aside from personalities each party leader has a few intangibles on his side.

Mr. Drew's slam-bang tactics win friends, but they also make enemies. Not only the Liberals, but even more the CCF, have been stung to a violent hostility. There will, of course, be no formal co-operation between the Liberal Party and the CCF, but the opinion is widespread here that in ridings where the CCF has no chance to win, many a vote that might otherwise go CCF will go Liberal just to make sure of beating the Drew man.

On the Progressive

Continued on page 58

Cartoon by Grassick

A Liberal diagnosis: Louis in the villages, George in the big towns.

I Went Back to a Drunk

ANONYMOUS

FIVE YEARS ago I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for my chances at happiness with the man I married more than 25 years ago, the man whom I loved, and whom I finally despised, hated and sometimes thought of murdering. But here I am, back again, living a normal, happy married life in a Canadian town, loving and respecting that same man.

The average married woman, whose life has been free from the curse of alcohol, can never understand the humiliation, degradation and utter hopelessness of living with an alcoholic. It is a disease that isn't recognized until it has the victim so firmly in its grip that the chances for recovery, until recently, have been about hopeless.

Not only does this disease affect the physical health of the individual, but, worse still, it affects the brain to such an extent that everything becomes warped and the truth is not in him. It is pathetic and frustrating to see the man you love and whom your children adore gradually fall victim to an insidious disease which society considers only a weakness.

Years of pleading, of tears, of threats, were of no avail in the losing battle I waged against alcoholism, and it slowly destroyed everything I held dear.

It all began away back in the early 20's in prohibition. Perhaps because "forbidden fruits are sweetest" many of our friends and my husband considered it was smart and clever to produce a bottle.

At first I didn't drink because I didn't like the taste of liquor, but when I began objecting to some of the silly antics it was suggested that I was narrow-minded, a prude, and so on. So I, too, drank a little and soon found that when I did I was much more tolerant. I never drank much because it made me ill, and deep-down I really hated it.

It wasn't long before occasional drinking parties in mixed company appeared to pall on my husband and some of his buddies. They found they could drink much more without wives around to scold if they drank in their offices.

My husband had a very good position for a young man—manager of a branch business—and had a comfortable office in which he and his friends could drink in comfort.

It was at this time I began to realize that liquor was beginning to rule my husband's life. Foolishly

One black night she even thought of murder. Read the dramatic story of this Canadian woman's victory over liquor for her husband's love

I scolded, resorted to tears, which only infuriated my husband when he was drunk. Then horrible words were flung at each other, unkind thoughtless things were said, and our love became a bit tattered around the edges.

Like all alcoholics, when my husband sobered up after a bad bout he would promise never to touch the stuff again, and really meant it, for he hated himself and the things he did when under the influence.

In those in-between periods we'd be so happy doing the things we enjoyed: hunting trips, picnics, driving over the countryside with the children. In that period of happiness I would begin to forget the humiliation of the past. But he was in the grip of something he could not control.

Strange as it may seem, I never thought my husband would become involved with another woman. Perhaps it was because he never seemed to be interested in women, and I was often teased about this by his friends. They said, "You need never worry about Bill, he is not interested in any woman but you." This was flattering, but small comfort when I realized that, although he wasn't interested in other women, he had a mistress in a bottle who held first place in his life.

I am sure that if there had been no children I would have left my husband in those early days, but when you have small children you think twice about giving up a home and security.

Even though my husband drank to excess he still managed to do his *Continued on page 37*

So You Want a Dreamhouse

A woman once insisted on a black room. But you could go just as wrong in blue. Let an expert share the headaches

By GERALD ANGLIN

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER COUCILL

IF YOU are almost any Canadian husband one thing you don't lack is a ready definition for interior decorating.

It means turning your home inside out, room by room, until the only safe place of refuge is that small space under the cellar stairs where you can sprawl on a sack of Prince Edward Island potatoes.

This phenomenon occurs because your wife has been reading a book called "Dreamhouse, Unlimited" (Chapter I: "Starting from Scratch—Your Room in the Nude"). It says that every home must have its own distinctive personality, and every last piece of chintz must fall in line or be bundled off to the summer cottage.

There is no escape. Your wife tracks you down to your cellar Shangri-la and puts you to mixing paint. You're in the act, bub, and you'd best have a look at the program.

For reliable information, head for your nearest department or home furnishings store, find the door marked "Interior Decorator" and have a quiet chat with the worried-looking fellow sitting at the cluttered desk inside. There's only one woman in your life bent on psychoanalyzing her hearthside; his days are filled with them.

His face still contorts with pain when he remembers the woman who insisted that the most important room in her home be done entirely in black—walls, ceiling and floor. But he chuckles with satisfaction when he recalls the curve pitched him by another woman who wanted an old basement turned into a fancy rumpus room.

Dodge the Double Talk

HER cellar was a jungle of pipes and pillars," he tells, "so we called in an artist and told him to make a real jungle out of it. We covered in the posts and pipes and he painted them to look like the trunks of coconut trees; branch pipes he disguised as palm fronds with monkeys swinging busily from tree to tree."

The interior decorator will tell you that despite the headaches involved he and his opposite number in your favorite store are happy to help anyone with a redecorating or refurnishing problem, no matter how large or small. There's no charge for his services (only the rare interior decorator in "private practice" charges a fee for advice). But play ball with him.

Stripped of the dreamhouse double talk the principles along which the experienced no-nonsense interior decorator operates are very simple. The basic aim: to make home sweet home livable and easy to look at.

A man can catch claustrophobia, for instance, in a small living room crammed with overstuffed chairs, footstools, smoking stands, end tables, coffee tables and potted ferns; he could just as well catch a chill in one of those barren cells featuring three chrome-plated tubular chairs and a Dali landscape on the wall. The decorator with the wrinkled brow will tell you that if you boil down all the books, articles and 2 o'clock lectures on the subject, interior decoration is a lot like a savings account at the bank—an attempt to achieve balance with interest.

Item: *Color.* The bright warm sunlight of a big-windowed room with southern exposure can be balanced by painting or papering walls in light cool shades (blues, greens, greys and white)—but the room will have more interest if one wall, a fireplace panel or other surface is finished in one of the warm tones of red, yellow or brown. The too high ceiling of one of those canyonlike rooms found in big old homes can be "lowered" by painting it a darker shade than the walls. To add warmth to a room that goes shy on sunlight, or to lift the lid on a low-ceilinged room, reverse these treatments.

Item: *Pattern.* Striped or figured drapes will enliven walls and rug done in solid colors—and a drapery pattern which reflects the colors of floor and walls will help tie the color scheme together. The one-two rule says that if drapes, rugs and walls are all patterned the effect may well be shattering; if all three are plain the result may be monotonous. So have one patterned item to balance two plain ones, or vice versa.

Item: *Arrangement.* Every room should have a centre of interest. That's the "focal point" the books talk about. It means a fireplace about which your most comfortable chairs can be grouped, or a broad window commanding a picture view. Or, again, such an interest point can be created by proper placing of a brightly covered chair or suite.

Other arranging tricks: a tall cabinet or vertical mirror against a long, unbroken wall will stop the eye and seem to shorten the room. (Try such an item against the end wall and it will turn a long room into a tunnel.) A heavily styled dining room suite that is set off to advantage in a large dining room will be too much for a small one.

Color, pattern and arrangement—these are the three tools available to make your rooms seem lively, restful, attractive or dull. But always the underlying consideration in the sort of room you wish to achieve should be convenience and the use to which the room will be put.

Ever since the experts discovered the word functionalism they have been on the warpath against all unnecessary frippery. Functionalism is simply a four-dollar word to describe advances like today's convenient kitchens and small, neatly framed fireplaces which provide useful warmth without occupying half the wall with a towering mantelpiece carved in curlicues.

Less elaborate examples: A bookcase beside the head of your bed if you like to read horizontally. Good light, a table and ash tray to go with each chair so you can be sure of comfort wherever you sit in your living room. Serviceable dark upholstery for sofa and chairs in a room which is bound to be overrun by children—get your bright colors here in drapes and walls, the latter in washable paints or paper.

A sound knowledge of these fundamentals of interior decoration should be a great consolation when you find yourself intimately involved with a roll of wallpaper or pushing the piano from living room to parlor. There's an alternate solution to the whole problem which has worked well in my own home.

Wait Till You See the Cracks

WHEN we returned from one summer vacation to find the landlord had dumped all our furniture on the lawn, we realized our lifelong ambition to buy our own little dreamhouse at the current rate of $10 per brick. As with all the finer postwar homes ours came complete with stairs to the second floor and three square feet of sod in front of the porch; no shrubs, no fence, no storm windows and no paint on the walls. But we found bare plaster rather quaint, like living up against that fence Tom Sawyer was always whitewashing, and that's when we evolved the daring idea *not* to interior decorate.

It's foolish to decorate, friends told us (the ones we listened to), until the house has had a chance to settle and you know where the cracks are. "Wait till your walls are good and dirty—then you'll know the time is ripe!" declared my wife's brother, an electrical engineer.

Well, that was three years ago. Today our walls have mellowed to a rare old ripe olive and if that crack over the kitchen door gets any wider the whole house will sink by the bows. Considering we've been married nearly nine years, however, and our furniture has acquired that casual scuffed-about look, our decorative scheme is in splendid harmony and balance.

Lately, I'll admit, the neighbors who moved into their rubber-stamp replicas of early Canadian blockhouses about the same time we moved into our house have taken to wearing rose-colored glasses when they come over for a game of bridge. This is plainly just jealousy since they could think of nothing less bourgeois to do than decorate all their rooms three different shades the moment they were settled. Now their pretty color schemes are all shot through with cracks and tattooed with little fingerprints, and they're stuck with them.

My wife doesn't take their petty snobbishness so lightly, I'm afraid. Why, just the other night I caught her leafing avidly through what at the time I thought was some new novel of passion but which, come to think of it, looked a lot like "Dreamhouse, Unlimited."

Say . . . is this a paintbrush which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? ★

1

2

3

4

ROOMS FOR ARGUMENT

ACCORDING to the experts who assisted in the preparation of these sketches, some of the rooms are good design, others are bad design. But each of them illustrates the application of an accepted basic principle of interior decorating. We're not going to be dogmatic about it and call this a quiz, but if you would like to match your judgment against the experts we've prepared a check list below, and for a key to the opinions of the interior decorators turn to page 26.

1.	good	bad	6.	good	bad
2.	good	bad	7.	good	bad
3.	good	bad	8.	good	bad
4.	good	bad	9.	good	bad
5.	good	bad	10.	good	bad
			11.	good	bad

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

Modern Farm Machinery Conquers the North

and Opens up Vast New Agricultural Areas

Five million extra acres have been brought under cultivation in the Prairie Provinces alone since 1936, which in wheat at present prices could yield in a single season a revenue of $180,000,000.

Even as recently as twenty years ago, agricultural scientists would have looked askance on the idea of attempting to grow wheat as far north as pioneering farmers have now reached out. But the developing of quicker-maturing varieties of grain and the great strides made in the engineering of modern farm machinery have made all this possible, and promise to push Canada's agricultural horizon still farther north.

Power equipment only, makes possible the taming of the wild northern areas and the planting of the seed and the harvesting of the crop within the rigid time limits of the shorter northern seasons.

Massey-Harris, who in earlier years helped pioneer the Western plains, are proud of their part in the continuous extension of Canada's basic industry —agriculture—into its great north country.

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

24 *Moving, Cartage, Storage*

2 LAZY VETERANS

WITH old broken down truck, move or store anything, any time; starvation forces us to work. Simpson's Cartage, 340 Ontario. RA. 1318. Confucius say: maybe good men, maybe good truck.

I WORK FOR MYSELF

By BILL SIMPSON

as told to McKenzie Porter

He didn't like having a boss, so became one. Striking out on his own from his mother's front parlor he's building a haulage line

For the last three years I've been running this ad every night in the Toronto Telegram and Toronto Star. It costs $27 a week but it's been worth while. Instead of working for somebody else I am my own boss at 25.

I own four trucks and employ five men. My vehicles and machinery-lifting winch equipment are valued at $5,500, on which only $1,300 is still owing. My turnover averages around $600 a week on which I net about $100.

I move anything from a steamer trunk to a 12,000-lb. press. Big companies owning their own fleets of trucks call me in when they are short of transport. Hundreds of Toronto families whose household goods I've moved also know me and recommend me to friends and relatives about to move.

Simpson's Cartage—that's what I call myself—could not be described as one of Canada's major haulage contractors. Its headquarters are in my mother's front parlor in a six-room house on east-end Toronto's Ontario Street. Its garage is a public lot two blocks away. But it's going places or I'm a Dutchman.

I believe I might never again have to ask anybody for a job. My ambition is to own a big fleet of trucks running all over Canada and the States. I know I could never achieve this working for a wage and saving up. A job might give you security but it gives you darned little prospect of wealth unless you are some kind of genius.

I was born into a workingman's family and brought up in a poor part of Toronto which some folks called "Cabbage Town." As a kid I loved watching automobiles and trucks and I decided then to own trucks of my own one day. As soon as I was old enough I learned to drive a truck belonging to a neighbor.

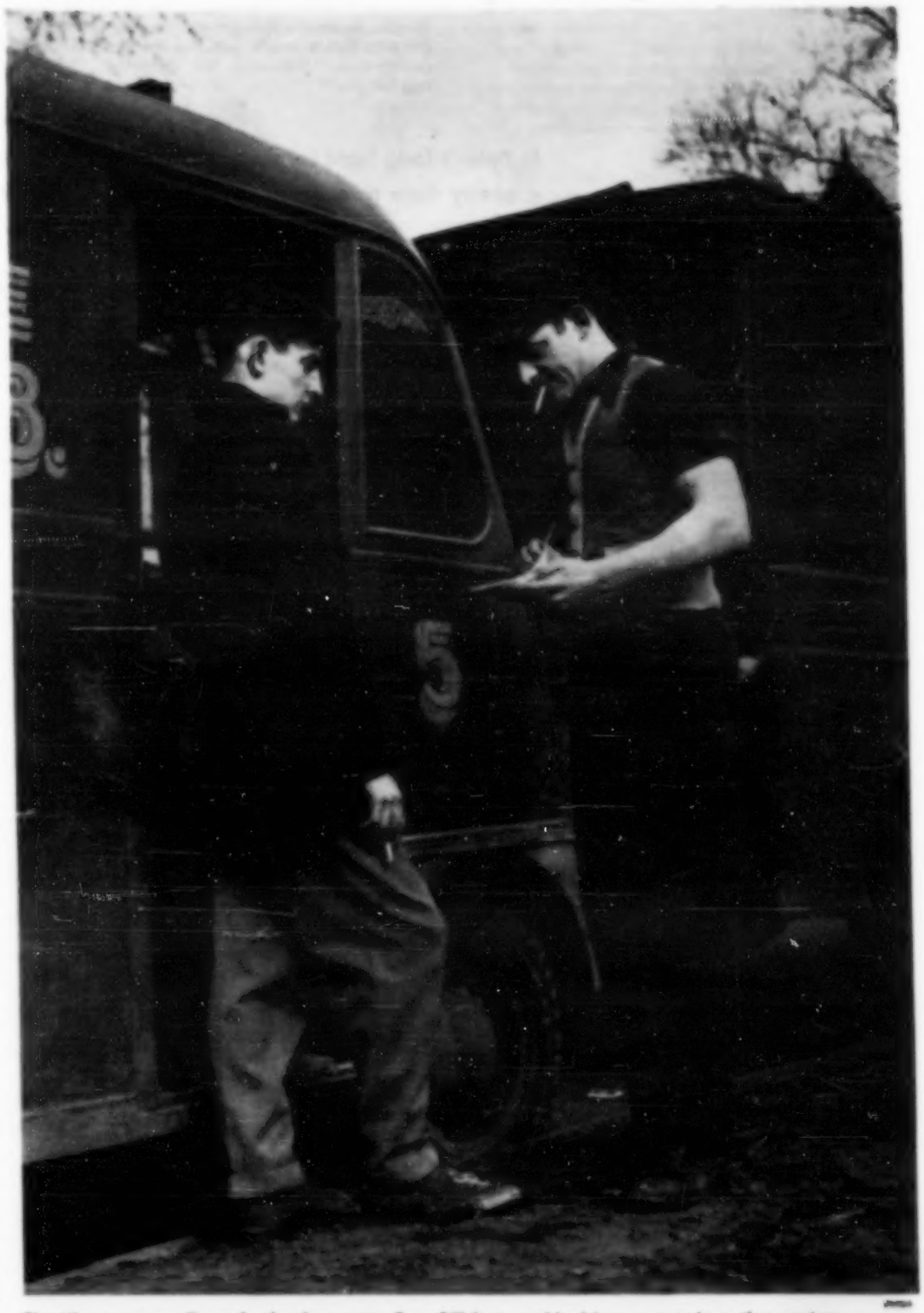
I listened to all the other kids talking of their ambitions. They all seemed to want to be doctors or lawyers. They seemed to think it was a disgrace to work in a sweat shirt. I kept my plans to myself—I hardly dared say that all I wanted to do was to own trucks.

Bowls, Springs and Bonds

I WORKED for five different employers before I became my own boss. At 14 I was setting pins in a bowling alley. By the time I reached military age I had driven a truck for six months for a spring manufacturing company and been a partner in a haulage firm. In the Army I was an orderly room clerk. I was not sent overseas because of a blood condition and was discharged in 1944. Then for nearly a year I was a salesclerk in a hardware chain. After that I worked at a service station, then bought it for myself, and lost more than $2,000. That was my first experience of business misfortune. For three or four months I became a bond salesman.

But I had twice tasted the liberty of working for myself and my aim was to get back my independence. I saved every cent and borrowed what I could to start Simpson's Cartage in 1946. First I had a partner, then two years later I became sole owner.

I'm determined to stick in business on my own account. I've always believed that the harder you work the more you should earn. When you get a flat weekly wage there is no return for extra effort and there's no satisfaction in getting money for just standing around. *Continued on page 50*



The "lazy veterans" are in dead earnest. Boss Bill has put his drivers on an incentive system.

Window At East's

By ALEC RACKOWE

PETER GRAYLING went with the crowd through the vast concourse and stepped into a lift. Coated girls with amazingly young faces burst in and Peter stepped back to give them room, a tall, broad-shouldered man in his late thirties. He held his bag before him and he thought, *I'll run out to the farm this week end. I won't let anything stop me.* Then he thought of the utter failure of his Coast trip and his lips tightened.

The apple-green reception hall of Kalman-Kaye, Advertising was deserted. The blown-up pictures of magazine advertisements colorfully proclaimed Kalman-Kaye's clients.

One of the porters came through the glass-paneled doors at the right. The doors that said: Media, Research, Art, Executive. The doors at the far side had a longer list, headed by Radio. The porter said, " 'Morning, Mr. Grayling. Take your bag for you?"

"That's all right, Sam," Peter said.

The last door Peter opened said in chaste gold lettering: Peter Grayling, Executive Assistant.

He left the door open and glanced at the desk clock as he sat down. It was 8.45. In fifteen minutes the clerks and typists would begin to arrive and the phones would begin to ring.

The mail Miss Norton had set out for him was in two baskets. His private mail was in a neat little pile on the desk pad. Peter took up the half dozen odd letters. There was a letter from his older sister out West. He read it, feeling his neck muscles relax. Mary was fifty now. A grandmother. He smiled as he read the family gossip, put the letter aside, remembering how she'd been more a mother than a sister to him when he'd been a kid on the farm.

There were a couple of other letters from people he knew as well as one ever got to know people in the city. There was a letter postmarked Ridgewater, in Lyman Carnet's crabbed writing and Peter's face darkened as he opened it.

It was what he had expected. " . . . need this, and I think . . . "

Peter put down the letter. He thought, *There's no reason for it . . .*

In Peter's long fight for success there had been no chivalry. Now a pretty face threatened to upset the applecart of his security

His instincts, handed down by generations of farmers, revolted at the idea of a farm that did not pay for itself; of a farmer who could not make his crops and livestock profitable.

Then he shrugged. Everyone had laughed at him when he'd bought the place before the war. Even B. J. Kaye had grinned. "You'll take your losses the way I do."

Peter had bought the place. There was something, part of that heritage, that made him want to be a landholder even though he knew that by the time he was ready to retire to that old stone house in its gently rolling acres he would be too old to farm it actively himself. "But I bet," he said aloud, "I could make it pay if I ran it."

SOME GIRL he saw every morning and did not know by name brought in the menu. Peter frowned. It was the silliest thing to ask a man who had barely breakfasted what he wanted for lunch. But it was efficient. It saved time for the chefs and waitresses in the company dining room. He stared at the menu. He said at last, "Lamb chops and grilled tomatoes." He hoped he'd feel like eating them when one o'clock came. Unless he was embroiled with B. J. by then. B. J. was going to make a fuss about this Coast business.

Fred Broker, who was account executive for Peralso, came in just before nine-thirty. Fred was lean and dapper. He went over all the business in hand until Peter expressed an opinion; made a note. Then Broker grinned, "Glad that's off my chest. Just get in?"

"Yes."

Broker's brows lifted. "Then you haven't seen B. J.'s latest?"

Peter felt his jaw muscles tighten. Broker said, "Thin one is class. But class—and what a looker!" He chuckled. "B. J. and his experiments in cuties. Remember the one fresh out of finishing school who thought Media was a Greek tragedy?"

Peter said, "That has whiskers." He gestured. "Run along, will you, Fred."

Broker turned cheerfully to the door. "Thanks for the assist, Pete."

PETER stared at the desk blotter. He wished devoutly that B. J. Kaye would grow out of his penchant for giving pretty girls jobs they couldn't handle.

He said "Career woman," and scowled. In a game like advertising, where you produced or went out, he didn't mind competition. But not from women. They were all right in their own fields but not up in the executive field. Not when only their looks accounted for their presence, as in the case of B. J.'s cuties.

Mrs. Chapin, B. J.'s secretary, came in. She was a grey-haired, cheerful woman. She looked like a housewife but she was the perfect secretary for B. J. Had been for almost a quarter century. B. J. had brought her from Osborne when he and Kalman set up K & K in the mad Twenties.

She smiled. "He's in. Any time you like."

"Thanks, Nelly," Peter said. She looked at Peter with bright, beady eyes. "Don't fret about Marsden. We've lost accounts before."

"I do mind," Peter said almost harshly and Mrs. Chapin nodded. "That's what I mean. We'll all live and the firm will go on. It's not life and death, Peter."

She went out. He found his irritation, oddly, turning to this new pretty B. J. had brought in.

B. J. KAY sat behind his half-circle desk in the sandalwood office, portly, white-haired, fresh-faced. He gestured. "Sit down, Pete." His pale eyes met Peter's. "Marsden's dead?"

"Very dead."

B. J. said slowly, "Perhaps I should have gone myself. That's an awful lot of billing to lose."

Peter didn't answer. There wasn't anything to say. He thought, *Sure. When everything goes well it goes well. When it doesn't someone is to blame. There has to be someone.*

Kaye swung around. His blue double-breasted was a work of art. "All right."

Peter got up. B. J. said, "By the way, I've engaged a young woman, Ann Troubridge. As an executive assistant."

Peter felt coldness touch him, then vanish in a warm anger. "Why?"

B. J. picked up the ivory letter opener. "We need the woman's point of view. Badly."

"We've lots of women pretty good at determining that."

"Not on a high level. That's all, Pete."

Peter went out. Nelly Chapin at her desk in her own little office shook her head, smiling faintly. Peter paid no attention. In the anteroom he looked across the beige carpet and saw the door with the new lettering. It said: Ann Troubridge, Executive Assistant.

ON THE impulse Peter crossed over. It was something he had to do sooner or later. It was up to him to see her first.

He tapped on the door. A clear voice said, "Come in."

The office inside had been newly done over in pale mahogany. *Quick work*, Peter thought. He'd

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

only been at the Coast two weeks. This had been Magnin's office. They'd probably shoved Magnin into a corner of his art department.

The woman behind the cleared desk was, Peter saw with quick perception, older than the usual protégée. Perhaps that was why B. J. had given her a title that placed her right at Peter's side.

He couldn't decide just how old she was, but he knew she was in her middle or late twenties. As Fred Broker had said, she was a looker. Her golden hair was upswept in lacquerlike perfection. She wore a blue suit in the latest fashion. A suit that emphasized her small waist and broad shoulders, the swell of her firm breasts. She looked more than smart. She looked elegant, in the true sense of the word.

Her violet eyes met Peter's with friendly interest. Peter said, "I'm Peter Grayling."

He saw the friendliness vanish. Her eyes still held his but now they were almost impersonal. She said in that clear, warm voice, "How do you do, Mr. Grayling."

She stood up and came around the desk. She had slim ankles and narrow, high-instepped feet in blue, buckled pumps. She looked at Peter gravely. "Are there any things we should confer on?"

"None. If B. J. wants us to handle anything together he'll say so."

"I see." She bent her lovely, almost classic head. "You don't like working with women, do you, Mr. Grayling?"

Peter said soberly, "I find it's never successful. Particularly—"

He didn't finish. He saw the faint color that touched her smooth cheeks. He didn't ask, "Where did B. J. pick you up?" He said, "Where were you before this?"

"Rayson and Fleming."

"Vancouver. Long?"

"Ten years."

Peter blinked. She couldn't be that old. "You went there while you were at college?"

"I didn't go to college. I went into Rayson as a file clerk. I became a secretary. Then I wrote copy. After that I became assistant to Mr. Rayson. When Mr. Kaye offered me this job I accepted."

Her smile was cool. "Ambitious? I am, Mr. Grayling. I know my stuff, too."

Peter nodded. "Thank you, Miss Troubridge."

He went out, closing the door behind him. She might just as well have thrown down her glove in medieval challenge. She had as much as said, "I know there's only room for one of us."

HE thought about it after he got to his apartment in the Belmoral that evening. It was a nice enough sitting room and bedroom suite in a quiet residential hotel, brightly furnished by a firm of decorators. It was a place suited to a man who used it only to sleep in.

Peter could have gone on to the club. There would be a game of bridge, men with whom he could discuss all sorts of things over a drink. But he wasn't in the mood for it. Between the Marsden account, the incompetence of Lyman Carast and this new irritation at K & K he didn't want company at all.

It wasn't, as he'd recognized that afternoon, that he feared Ann Troubridge. He'd fought for his job. Keeping it was a constant fight. It wasn't that she was a woman and a beautiful one either. On that level chivalry didn't count.

Peter couldn't quite decide why Ann Troubridge bothered him more than any of the others had ever done. It was perhaps, he thought, because he recognized in her a hardness, a competitive temperament, and because he intended to stay at K & K and couldn't brook a dangerous rival.

He had a good job; a fine job but no more secure than any other position in the game. He'd fought to get it just as he'd fought for everything that had come to him in his thirty-seven years.

There'd been a lot of them on the farm. It was Mary who had insisted that Peter be given a chance to go to college. Mary who had scraped up the money for his first semester. Peter had worked as hard outside as he had on his studies. He hadn't had time for sports or for girls. He'd known there was nothing for him on the farm.

When he'd taken his degree he'd had a few hundred saved. He'd come on to Toronto. The depression was pretty much at its height then and it was months before he'd finally got a job with Potter, Sensor and Coley. Probably because P. S. & C. like a lot of firms were letting out high-salaried men and filling the spots with young college graduates who would work for a great deal less.

He'd moved up until he'd become B. J.'s trouble shooter and assistant. But he'd fought all the way. He wasn't changing, either.

He got up, sighing. He thought of Ridgewater and the farm. He said, "I guess I'd better stick close. I can't take the time."

IT WAS inevitable that there should be conflict. It came one November morning at a staff meeting held in the room with the long oak table and straight-backed oak chairs. They were to discuss the spring campaign for Associated Furnitures.

Continued on page 38

You might see a team of oxen on Queen Street, but don't say that's "quaint." There may be Buicks around the corner.

LAST STOP BEFORE PARADISE

PHOTOS BY BOLLINGER

By ERNEST BUCKLER

Bridgetown, N.S.

DEAR JOE: So you've really a mind to settle in Bridgetown, and you'd like to know what a typical Nova Scotia town is like? Well, maybe I can help—that's if Bridgetown *is* typical.

How do you get here? As you may know, the main rail and bus lines in the lower half of N. S. arch along the Fundy shore, from Yarmouth on the southern tip, and then cut across the waist of the province to Halifax on the eastern shore. Bridgetown is midway (about 100 miles) between these terminals, and six miles from Fundy. If you're coming from Yarmouth it's the last stop before Paradise; if you're coming from Halifax, the stop after. Opinions vary about which expression is the more literally descriptive. Paradise—that's the village, of course. If you come by air (and you *can* come by air, landing at one of several nearby airports), watch for something like this.

The two cracks you see in the bottom of the cup, which the North Mountain on one side makes with the South Mountain on the other (with roads veining up their sharp faces to the villages hidden inside the timber), will be the railway line and the Annapolis River—they intersect like an illustration of an acute angle in a geometry text. The two main streets will look like a large T, based on the railway line; their juncture mortised together by a bank on each corner, and pinioned by the brick post-office directly crowning the upright bar of the T. The crossbar of the T (that's Queen Street) extends in each direction beyond the town limits (one mile each way) into the world beyond.

Several streets sprout perpendicularly above the crossbar, leading to Inglewood, the Negro section, Hungry Hill, the slum section, or joining, like streaks of rain coalescing down a pane, the roads that lead up the mountain. Other streets are grouped in neat window-sash patterns on either side of the upright bar, their extremities petering out into marsh, woodland, pasture, or the cemetery.

You may be able to distinguish three factories: the lumbering concern of J. H. Hicks & Sons (which has snowballed from a peddling of wooden brackets to one of the Maritimes' largest); the canning, evaporating and "Evangeline" beverage plants of M. W. Graves & Sons (which incubated from a simple cider press); and Flewelling Industries, which makes excelsior from local poplar. Apart from a small textile mill these about exhaust our industry on anything like a large scale.

You may also be able to single out the brick schoolhouse, the County Home, and the Baptist, Methodist and Anglican churches. You may miss the Catholic chapel. You won't see any hospital or town hall. That is, if you come immediately. Both projects are still on the agenda of the town council, which plumps for them with the same indiscriminate seriousness it applies to open-letter bickering over the town water supply, coercive action against a merchant flouting the Wednesday afternoon closing edict, appointing a committee to study the cost of street signs, or preparation for callithumpian didos in the annual Labor Day parade.

All in all, looking down you will see Bridgetown as a neat little architect's blueprint, dropped between the mountains like something almost Swiss.

If you come by train the perspective may be a little harsher. Watch for two steel bridges over the Annapolis River, a railway bridge and a traffic bridge (the original was casualty to a spring flood 25 years ago and incidents of the town's ensuing isolation still rank among our choice legends). The station is just beyond. A lady from Brooklyn once asked me, "What time does your choo-choo pull ahhhhhta here?" Our choo-choos—forgetting the "midnight," whose timetable is as capricious as the town clock—pull out once a day, except Sundays, just after noon.

Fire House Trough Has Gone

PUT your best foot forward when you step down, because even the shoe on it will be noted with a subtle curtain-plucked-aside attention. The railway station, of course, is the Café de la Paix of the small town. Sooner or later you see everyone there, and their missions cause the liveliest conjecture.

Walk down the board platform, past the struggle of perhaps 20 people embarking and debarking . . . circle the group inspecting the packages on the express dolly ("Hank must've broke his mowin' machine, ain't that a Pittman rod fer a Deering?"); the knots of school kids dressed in the current vogue of sloppiness and speaking up-to-the-minute slang; the resolute band who come daily to wave, undismayed by lack of reciprocity in the languorous few on the observation platform . . . and get a taxi. Any one of Bridgetown's dozen—including a spanking Hudson—will take you into town for a quarter with short stopover privileges and Baedeker service accorded with twice the courtesy a friend would allot you.

> **"In my home town . . . it is like living in a theatre where you know all of the actors . . . I mean, everyone is a character" — Buckler**

As you drive through town you'll see what I mean by perspective. Two-story structures, some of them survivors of the saloon-architecture era, line the main streets like a Hollywood set for a small town; with the touch of a vehemently modern garage or the really artistic window dressing in Bruce's Shoe Store serving more to accent than to adulterate their faint despondency. The residential section, chiefly along the elm-lined crossbar of the T, is comparatively modest, but neat, well-lawned and placidly urbane. I'm afraid, however, that the business section still looks a mite morose—despite the gradually rewarded proddings of merchants by the Board of Trade (yes, we have one) to spruce up their premises.

The watering trough has disappeared from the fire house corner, as have the shaving cups with the owner's name engraved in Old English from the barbershops; but there will probably be a horse hitched to the telephone post outside the hardware store, and you just may see a team of oxen. Not that this is typical.

Let me disenchant you about that widespread and, to Maritimers, infuriating, belief, that we're quaint—lolling around in a sleepy charm from which we rouse only when a visitor passes through to make some homely, cutely quotable, remark. We're not a bit quainter than you are, in speech, dress, or temperament. The vehicular traffic will consist chiefly of two-ton trucks, loaded with logs, pit props, peas, etc. . . . and cars, both vintage and sleek, the sleek ones by no means all of U. S. registration.

The pedestrian traffic likewise has nothing arresting about it. The workman's outfit of checked mackinaw, engineer's cap and blue jeans is pretty standard. And none of the other clothing, though it may be "popular edition," will suggest anything indigenous or homemade.

The chief thing you'll notice about the pedestrian traffic will be its coagulation. The two women bending over a baby in a carriage . . . the girl from Simpson's order office discussing tricks with the girl from Eaton's order office . . . the couple examining the quarterly shift of photos in the photographer's window—their exits and entrances fuse, instead of glancing by each other. You'll find this, too, at the held-open doorway of the harness maker, the cobbler, the poolroom, or the five-and-ten . . . the grocer or the clothier or the druggist or the manager of the co-operative store hanging on to the talk with a customer right to the street . . . the regular few on the corners, holding up passers-by like burrs. (Don't discount these. They are the town historians, and inside a week they'll have you pigeonholed too.)

You can picture each one of these people, on return from his particular errand, drawing forth for inspection not only the fruits of his mission—be it a head of lettuce or the endorsement of a note—but an inventory of his contacts as well. Even dropping in at the bank or the telegraph office, or paying the electric light or phone bills, takes on the nature of a personal call. Last time I paid my phone bill the chief operator—though a message to Florida, say, won't impress her a bit, she has one such almost every day—was changing a baby's diapers.

You Could Be the Mayor

BUT because you know no one it may all seem sluggish and uninspiring. Drab without being picturesque. When you get to the hotel (a dwelling house with rockers on the piazza, but every modern convenience at $3.50 a day or $15 a week) you may say to yourself, "What'll I ever do here?"

Do you mean what'll you do for a living or for amusement? Frankly, I can't say, offhand, where you'd look for a job. We're laborers and merchants and professional people, of course, like everyone else; but there are at least two representatives of each business already. Enough for competition, and just short of surfeit. There's work to be had in the mills, trucking (half the population seems to get along by hauling something), and so on; but in the white-collar class you will understand that the turnover in accountancies, postmasters, registrars of deeds, often depends on circumstances no less mobile than death. If you haven't a job lined up don't let that defeat you, though. Plenty of strangers do come into town, cold, find a niche in our setup, parlay

Continued on page 49

The corner philosophers watch the passing show.

There are still signs of "saloon age" architecture, but the Board of Trade prods sharply.

When the thrush with the upsweep gets on the downbeat, the dancers crowd Kenney's bandstand to get in the groove with the lilting Locke

With dapper Mart Kenney, Norma Locke has warbled her way five times across Canada.

SHE SINGS IN SEQUINS

By JUNE CALLWOOD

THE TEEN-AGERS stared coldly at the bandstand in Toronto's Casa Loma, at Canada's most successful dance-band leader, Mart Kenney. The players struggled for a laugh. A clarinet player whose normal expression is one of deep melancholy put on a straw bonnet tied with pink ribbons; someone flicked ashes from a prop cigar into the bowl of a saxophone; each man grinned gaily at his neighbor. But except for the music the dance floor was stiffly silent.

Then the girl vocalist, who had been sitting at the front of the stand smiling brilliantly into space, stood up, smoothed her gown over her hips and sauntered to the mike. In the style of a popular recording the band clapped an accompaniment as she sang "A Little Bird Told Me."

The girl sang it as though it were her favorite tune, a number she had been waiting all evening to sing. Her body swayed, her eyes crinkled shut with amusement, her face changed expression to suit every line. At the end she appeared delighted at the patter of applause.

She followed with a wistful "Faraway Places," and then a Spanish-chanting "Babalu." The applause warmed and couples near the stand stopped dancing and leaned on one another to watch.

The girl wound up with a duet with the male vocalist, a number with feline sound effects about a cat courtship. The teen-agers beat their hands vigorously, a few paid the supreme compliment —a screeching whistle—and the band tossed the straw hat under the piano and played on in a glow of adolescent approval.

The girl who accomplished this calculated miracle is the country's best-known popular songstress, Norma Beth Locke, an Ottawa girl who has been seen and heard by more Canadians than any other female singer. In her five years with Mart Kenney, Norma has sung from the drill-hall stage of every major service camp, and has accompanied the band on five coast-to-coast tours.

While Norma is the highest-paid girl singer in Canada (one guesstimate: $100 a week) she is not renowned primarily for the quality of her pipes. Her forte is the expression and personality with which she loads every song.

"I try to think that every song is a story," she has said of her style. "Privately I think some songs aren't worth the telling, but if the public wants them then I'll deliver."

"Norma's greatest talent is her ability to sing anything," comments her dapper, precise boss, Mart Kenney. "The numbers that warmed up the crowd at Casa Loma illustrate this—she gave them everything from a ballad to a tricky novelty. And she gives every song everything she's got. She's the best singer I've ever had."

The Locke brand of singing bears a marked resemblance to the haunting, nasal tones of the United States famous Jo Stafford, though Norma (who's played Stafford records over and over) says she can't see it herself.

She even looks a little like Jo Stafford. Like her, she is round-faced and inclined to chubbiness beneath the chin. Two years ago Norma adopted an upswept hair-do, three fat rolls of curls rising several inches off the top of her head, which only increased the number of dancers who approach the bandstand, fix Norma with an adoring eye, and murmur: "My, you remind me of Jo Stafford. Really, you do."

Says Norma, disgustedly: "Who wants to sound like somebody else?"

Though her sweet, creamy voice is best suited to sentimental ballads, she prefers the novelty numbers because they give her more to do with her face and hands. In the "Pussy Cat Song," which she does with Roy Roberts, Norma alternately miauls, scowls, flirts,

Continued on page 31

"I trust them more than I'd trust *myself*"

THE BANK'S the place for *my* money. I always put part of my pay into my bank account — otherwise it burns a hole in my pocket. I guess I trust the bank more than I trust myself! I figure that's one reason why my savings have been building up the way they have.

Another reason I'm sold on a bank account is that I always know just where I stand. All I have to do is take a look at my pass-book. *They're* a lot better bookkeepers than I am.

What's more, what's in my pass-book is *my* business, and I can count on the bank people to keep *their* mouths shut about it. And that suits *me* just fine!

SPONSORED BY YOUR BANK

It's a lazy-man's job with O.S.P. VINYLITE GARDEN HOSE

THIS new miracle hose takes all the work out of lawn and garden care! Lighter, more colorful than ordinary kinds . . . O. S. P. Vinylite Hose is easy to handle — easy on hands and manicures. Kinkproof and leakproof, it's easy on tempers — more durable — a better buy. Bill says "It's made for a lifetime of service under ALL conditions . . . the same kind O. S. P. makes for Canadian Industries, and if it's good enough for them it's a better hose for us."

FEATURES:

1. LIGHT Weighs ⅓ less. Easy to carry and use.
2. EYE APPEALING Colours —Red, Blue, Silver Green.
2. TOUGH Ribbed for toughness. Protection against scuffing and abrasion.
4. SOLID BRASS fittings. No replacements.
5. FLEXIBLE Won't kink, crack or peel.
6. UNHARMED by sun, freezing or weather.
7. IMPERVIOUS to oil and grease, rot and mildew.

You can get O. S. P. Vinylite Garden Hose at your department or hardware store . . . or write O. S. P. for FREE booklet and name of your nearest dealer.

Vinylite PLASTICS

"Light as a feather . . . Just You Lift It"

O·S·P

A Product of O. S. P. — the leader in plastics for industry and home.

ONTARIO STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO • CHATHAM • MONTREAL

ROOMS FOR ARGUMENT

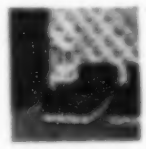
Here are the answers to the interior-decorating test on page 17.

1. Bad. The stand on which the flowers rest should be more substantial and less spidery if it's going to be happy in this corner. The fact that the flowers partly obscure the picture does not help matters much, either.

2. Bad. When large pieces of furniture take diagonal positions in corners of small rooms like this, you get a disorderly, cluttered effect. With sofa parallel to the wall the room would have looked much more spacious.

3. Good. The picture is at eye level, flat against the wall where it should be. Some designers might shrink from combining lamp, flowers and picture but our expert panel considered the off-centre grouping attractive.

4. Good. You might not have chosen this color scheme but you may agree with our experts it's a good idea to carry it into the drapes to make room look larger. Grey rug accents the color harmony of the rest of the room.



5. Bad. If two elements in room are patterned, the third should be plain, our experts say. Balance could have been achieved with a plain chair or wall covering. Since we are taking this room apart, that table's too high.

6. Good. This is one way to handle several small pictures and our experts say it's a good way. As a matter of fact, you can hang more in one grouping than we show here, or take some away and still not spoil the effect.

7. Good. Our experts liked the blending of colors here. They pointed with pleasure to the plain chair covering which they feel is in proper contrast to the patterned paper and carpet. They liked that end table, too.

8. Bad. The flowers are well handled but the lamp shade is all wrong. Because some tulips have weak stems it is a good idea to cut them down and display them in a low bowl. But the shade's far too ornate for that base.

9. Good. The wide window has been handled with wisdom and profit by bringing the full curtains together at the centre. Our experts say this bright bedroom is one place where frills and flowers are used to good effect.

10. Bad. The drapes and the furniture are both fine if viewed separately but together they clash. If you're keeping the furniture (and why not), less formal drapes are in order. One expert suggests something in homespun.

11. Good. This long narrow room could have given you a trapped feeling. But small rugs cleverly placed across the room with strips of floor showing help avoid this. The horizontal lines of the blinds also add space.

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Pleasing Flavour
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CANADA PACKERS

A Challenge from Mr. Smith

Continued from page 14

which took its seats while the orchestra was tuning up around the turn of the century, saw the curtain rise and has been sitting through every act of the fabulous performance which includes the entire life story of modern science and industry from the automobile to the atom bomb."

It is true that we belong to a generation which has seen such alterations as would normally not have occurred in five centuries. And it is equally true that we are still young enough to play some part in the second half of the fabulous century. But I would remind Mr. Russell Smith that there are two generations on our heels who will not necessarily accept our opinions as holy writ.

Dealing with the first part of my correspondent's case—the failure to put Britain's case to the world—let me first point out to him that at any given moment the bickerings of political parties seem trivial and even harmful. Why not a national government with all parties working for the state and not for petty advantage?

I heard that cry in 1931, when the world financial crisis overwhelmed Ramsay MacDonald's weak Socialist Government. As a result we formed a national government with MacDonald and Baldwin at its head, declared a general election and literally swept the country. The opposition that came back was so tiny that it could almost have reached Westminster in a single omnibus.

The Government was so powerful that it swiftly put through harsh but necessary measures which saved the country from bankruptcy. But following that the lopsided Parliament lost its vitality, because compromise became an excuse for laziness. At the general election of 1935 the national government again had a big majority, though not nearly as big as in 1931, and an undynamic Parliament faced the superdynamic challenge of the rising dictators in Europe.

It has always been true that where there is a weak opposition you will find a weak government. The party system, no matter how much it may merit criticism, is the one and only guardian of democracy. When last week in the British House of Commons the Conservative Party shouted down Aneurin Bevan and refused to let the Undersecretary of State for Air speak it meant that British political life and British democracy were in a healthy condition. What is more the people, regardless of political affiliations, were invigorated by the angry roar that swept from Westminster across the country.

There were no such scenes in Hitler's Germany or Mussolini's Italy. It could not happen today in Russia or any of her satellites where freedom has died. I know that when we attack Socialism we seem to be disparaging not only the government but Britain herself in the eyes of the outer world; but it is a sign of democratic vigor and should be recognized as such.

Yet even on this point I would concede one argument to Mr. Russell Smith. When British citizens go abroad they should not disparage their government or its political system beyond the normal limits of political controversy. I have known prominent Britons visiting America who have told the people there that they are fools to give money that will only be used to finance Socialism. Marshall Aid is not for the British Government but for the nation.

And now I must add something which will make me appear to be breaking the very rules which I have just laid down. In other words, I claim that it is the Socialists themselves who are defaming the country which they govern.

There is nothing less like a Nazi than a British Socialist, yet the latter, consciously or unconsciously, has adopted the propaganda technique of that brilliant, malformed little devil, Dr. Goebbels. The *Herr Doktor* laid down the

Continued on page 30

JASPER — **By Simpkins**

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EARLY AMERICAN
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SHULTON
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Continued from page 28

rules that if the Nazi Party was going to seize power it must make the German people lose faith not only in their elected representatives but in the Reichstag itself; it must convince the workers that they were exploited by employers, cause the people to grow increasingly sorry for themselves, and denounce not only the Weimar Republic but the monarchy that ended with the abdication of the Kaiser in 1918.

Thus did the Nazis destroy simultaneously the faith of the people in republicanism, in monarchy and in democracy. From that to the seizure of power and the establishment of one party rule was a comparatively simple step. And the world was plunged into disaster.

I do not believe for a moment that the British Labor Party wants to destroy democracy or lessen respect for Parliament, but it suffers from the curse of all left-wing movements inasmuch as it must breed class division and destroy respect for the past. So successful has been their campaign against "the years of Tory misrule" that vast numbers of people believe that the Britain of their fathers was a place where human decency existed only among the poor. Nor do the propagandists take into account that there was ever such an institution as the Liberal Party or a Liberal Government. Apparently the Conservatives were in power for an unbroken period from Ethelred the Unready to Churchill the Defiant.

Unfortunately that policy of denigration applies even to the Socialists' attitude towards the empire. Ask any child in a Socialist family what the British did with their empire, and the child would almost certainly answer: "They exploited the natives." Well, if clearing the jungle, building harbors and railways, establishing sanitation and health services and creating employment add up to exploitation—then the charge is true. Certainly there were greedy men who cared for nothing but money, but were there no martyrs, no idealists, no dreamers?

The influence of Britain in the world has been wise, constructive and peaceful. We who were born in the outer empire have reason to know how true that statement is.

And how heavily Britain has paid in blood for her guardianship of so large a section of the world! In his letter Mr. Russell Smith quotes from a poem written in the dark days of 1918 by Rudyard Kipling:

> "Across a world where all men grieve
> And grieving strive the more,
> The great days range like tides and leave
> Our dead on every shore."

When I first went to the U. S. after the Hitler war I was asked over and over again why the British did not clear out of India. Our presence there seemed to affront the conscience of freedom-loving America. I made such reply as seemed adequate, explaining that our whole policy in India had been to guide her people toward self-government, but I wish that I had had with me the words contained in Mr. Russell Smith's letter:

"Nothing in historical experience or prophecy had prepared the world for the spectacle of a handful of Britons gathering into their hands the management of 250 million people living 6,000 miles away. Macaulay complained that most people in Britain in the early days of Indian occupation found it beyond comprehending, and simply hoped that nothing too bothersome would come of it. Looking back, even in the light of successful accomplishment, it staggers the imagination.

"Here was a turmoiled agglomeration of races, nations, principalities and tribes, languages, religions, castes and customs, such as nowhere else in the world had ever gathered together in comparable space. It was a seething, interlocking mass, reduced to a state of complete anarchy by 1,000 years of devastating strife. When in this singular collection were to be found some of the most warlike races on earth the smallest measure of success must be considered in the realm of the miraculous.

"When in 1946 the British Government reached its momentous decision to relinquish the burden and hand over the reins of authority, those who had been anxiously watching the progress of Indian affairs through the smoke and flame of world events hung breathless on the outcome. It would provide the supreme test of the structure created by the long patience and genius of British administrators.

British "Wise and Calm"

"What has emerged is awe-inspiring beyond the normal power of description. Two gigantic, antagonistic communities have been successfully disentangled and reconstituted into two powerful dominions—great going concerns—meeting their colossal problems with more apparent competence than all but a few of the world's long-established nations. They hold, jointly or severally, a creditor position in a world of debt. They have an economic and industrial structure which places them among the strong of the earth. With language, law and order provided, they stand on the threshold undreamed of among Oriental races.

"Between the wonder of this eminence and the abject chaos prevailing at the beginning of the 19th century lie 150 years of British management. The net gain represents the supreme gift of the British people to the people of India—and to civilization."

In the 15 years I have been writing these letters I can have left little doubt of my love for Britain and my admiration for her people. Yet it does not seem to me that I would have rendered justice either to Britain or my readers if I had been satisfied to do nothing more than extol her virtues and ignore her faults.

No man can be great for 24 hours a day or he would be unbearable, and no nation can be great on each of the 365 days in the year.

At the present time in Britain we are going through a political and economic experiment which amounts almost to a revolution. I have never denied the importance of that experiment or doubted that there would result some things of enduring benefit to ourselves and modern civilization. But in all revolutions there are excesses, the only difference being in the degree of violence.

Fortunately, the British people are wise of judgment and calm of spirit. The channel that separates us from Europe is one of sanity as well as water. If Great Britain goes down the lights of civilization will go with her. Because the people accept their destiny there has not been a voice of any consequence raised against the Atlantic Pact, although it links our existence irrevocably to Europe.

I salute her sense of the centuries, her faith, her courage and her powers of endurance—but with both the written and spoken word I claim the right of a democratic citizen to point out the errors of her ways when Britain is less Great than her past and her future demand. ■

She Sings in Sequins

Continued from page 24

flutters her eyelashes and looks coy.

But she works conscientiously on her voice. She takes vitamin pills to avoid colds, sings her scales every morning before breakfast and does breathing exercises for half an hour. The exercises consist mainly of breathing in deep gulps with hands on hips and feet apart, followed by a few attempts to touch her toes with her long red fingernails. This latter one is partly for her voice and partly for her middle.

At 25 she is a glamourous, if not a svelte, figure. Her upsweep is carefully lacquered, her lipstick brushed on just beyond the outlines of her lips, her face powdered to a rich, summertime tan. She's brown-haired, brown-eyed and pretty with the infectious smile of a three-year-old.

A severe bout of measles as a kid left Norma's eyes very weak. She wears glasses continually offstage and parks them in a handy spot just a second before she moves out into the bright lights.

On the bandstand she always wears a long glittering gown, sequin or bead trimmed or both, with a high neckline, a slim skirt with a slit up the side and a long tunic-effect top built to elongate her thickish waistline. She keeps a stable of about eight gowns, wears them out in a few months.

Three afternoons a week she rehearses with the band: twice for the Borden Cavalcade weekly broadcast, once for dance numbers. Each week she adds two songs to her repertoire: one for the broadcast, one for the dance-band. The band is booked three or four, sometimes five, nights a week.

Since Kenney and his Western Gentlemen set out from Vancouver in 1937, he's clocked 150,000 miles and built the country's most successful dance-band. One of his gimmicks for success: let the public see a lot of the vocalists.

Singing for Kenney, therefore, is something like working in a salt mine. Norma and Ray Roberts sing about 20 numbers in an evening and they pop up to sing with Mart and Gordie Breaund, the Kenney vocal quartet, about six times more.

It's Not All Glamour

This arrangement suits Norma. With some other bands the vocalists sit out in front like prop dolls number after number, tapping their feet to the music, singing the words to themselves, smiling vacantly at the dancers and exchanging whispers with the sax section.

In the short intervals between Kenney's vocals, Norma, who couldn't recognize her mother at 20 feet without her glasses, sits and grins in friendly fashion at the blurred kaleidoscope of the dance, with an alert, interested expression on her face.

The life of a traveling songstress, while outwardly glamourous, is not without its moments of adversity. In Truro, N.S., for example, the Kenney organization plays dance music in a building which doubles in brass as a hockey rink. Each time Kenney has played there the band appears to arrive on the heels of the ice-removing squad and the inside of the rink-ballroom is bitterly cold.

"It's incredible, but every time I get up to sing in Truro I have to knock the ice off the microphone," Norma says. "Our breath comes out like steam when we sing and then freezes to the mike. We all wear coats and scarves and boots and the kids blow on their hands after every number to try and warm them. There's a small stove to one side of the stand and whenever someone has even a 16-bar rest he hurries over to try to warm his instrument. And yet we always give Truro a terrific show. The band just knocks itself out and does its best when things are tough."

The band is much admired in the Maritimes, where it is about the only big-league entertainment that dares to enter. Enthusiastic fans keep the band reminded of the eastern seaboard by shipping it barrels of oysters.

The band has left its mark in the West as well, notably in Winnipeg's swank Civic Auditorium in the form of a large hole in the curtains caused by a load of buckshot fired from a double-barreled shotgun during the performance. Norma tells the story:

"During the war when we did so many service shows we worked out a skit and the climax was the sound of a gun going off, off stage. Well, we couldn't buy blanks anywhere so we had to use real ammunition and I might add that the gun didn't work very well either. The day before we were to leave on our western tour Freddy Treneer said he thought he ought to try it out, so he pointed it at a fireplace in the Casa Loma where we happened to be rehearsing and pulled the trigger.

Five-Pins to Dignity

"A fountain of soot belched from the chimney and dyed black the hair, faces and clothes of the entire band. We looked at one another and we were in perfect blackface. After the first instant it struck us as funny and we laughed until we wept."

In Winnipeg the skit was drawing to a close and the actors were braced for the blast of the shotgun. Moments passed, but there was no shot. Still longer; not a sound. Finally arranger Jack Fowler started off the stage to find out what was the matter. He walked straight into the shotgun.

Treneer, who had finally got the gun to work, was too preoccupied to even be rattled. He lifted it a few inches and fired over Jack's head. And that's what caused the hole in the curtains.

Norma's most embarrassing experience also happened during the war, when the band was doing two broadcasts a week in a show called the Victory Bandwagon. Each one was from a different service camp. The bus carrying the band to Camp Borden one winter afternoon was held up for hours by a traffic jam and arrived only 15 minutes before they were to go on the air.

Norma scurried into an old storeroom to get into her evening gown and the musicians hugged their instruments inside their overcoats trying to get them warmed. With only minutes to go Norma finished dressing and whirled around to dash for the stage. Her dress caught on a nail and the whole side of it was ripped away.

"With thousands of men in that drill hall, I had to stand and sing with five safety pins holding my dignity together. We couldn't be sure our show was timed right and there was an awful tenseness just as the producer waved that we were on the air. We've listened to recordings of that show since, it was one of the best we've ever done."

Norma Locke is a restless, not-quite-content female. She is not even certain that singing is what she wants. She has wanted variously to attend college and study philosophy, be a photographer, an arranger. Currently she has determined on a career as a writer and she does a brief sketch on every celebrity she meets with a view to putting them in a book.

She describes herself as a moody girl,

"sulky and blue most of the time," and says she'd like to be a "really big person, like Winston Churchill." She sometimes says her ambition is "to be a real Christian."

Her childhood was not too happy. Her father was determined that she should become someone's secretary and enrolled her in Ottawa's School of Commerce, despite her protests that she wanted a college education.

When she was 16 she had a singing role in her school's musical show which attracted the attention of a young CBC announcer named Byng Whitteker. The next day he phoned Norma at school.

Norma, who was called to the principal's office frequently in those days, went down fearfully. She was so relieved that she didn't realize at first that she had broken into radio.

Whitteker wanted her to try out with Harry Thompson's quartet—a trumpet, guitar, clarinet and bass. She was to sing blues, but as she couldn't read a note of music she was certain she would fail. The song selected for her first number was "I Don't Stand a Ghost of a Chance."

She Couldn't Buy a Stamp

After a few weeks of secret rehearsing after school a record of the show was sent to Toronto, approved and scheduled for a weekly spot on the CBC network right after the news.

"You might say I started at the top and worked down," comments Norma. "I told my parents about it the night of the first broadcast and there was a terrible fuss. Dad said that singing was a 'lowly profession.' My music teacher warned me that singers live dangerously, fighting for their honor on an average of three times a day. I went ahead anyway."

The show, labeled "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," ran 84 weeks and paid Norma about $9.27 a show. She picked up a job singing with Bert Kidd's band at $3 a night and felt herself financially capable of college. She transferred to a matriculation course, tried to jam three years into one to catch up with her friends and flunked. Next day she got a job as secretary.

Two years later, at 18, she left home and came to Toronto to study music theory and harmony at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. At the end of a year she was $385 in debt.

Byng Whitteker wangled an audition for her and a young conductor-arranger named Howard Cable, but the audition failed; a second audition, for a show known as Music By Cable, was more successful but the CBC pulled it off the air eight weeks later.

Norma went to work as a receptionist in a photographer's studio. Her troubles had only begun.

She landed a spot as vocalist with Joe de Courcy's band at the Old Mill, a dine and dance spot outside of Toronto. The flagstone-floored, antique-flavored Old Mill appears to the patrons to be dimly lit, but Norma found that from the height of the bandstand every shielded light bulb in the place was glaring in her eyes. This, coupled with a brilliant spotlight focused on her face when she sang, combined to drive her to the verge of blindness.

"I noticed one day that one eye was turning in and I hurried to a doctor," she says. "The doctor told me that I would lose the sight of that eye unless I had a complete rest immediately. I was frantic; I didn't see how I could rest and eat too."

Cable solved her problem by taking her to Bala in Muskoka that summer where his five-piece band had a booking. She lay in the sun all day, sang and clowned with the band at night. (One comic lampooned her specs by showing up wearing cardboard harlequin glasses two feet wide.)

Back in Toronto that winter Norma and the Cables nearly starved. Norma recalls that she didn't have the price of a postage stamp to mail a letter home. She decided to quit and start some new career.

Then suddenly she clicked. One of the girls in Doris Ord's quartet, known as the Four Buckingham Blends, was leaving to have a baby and Doris invited Norma to make a fourth. Within weeks her luck was reversed completely and she was singing all over the dial, seven shows a week.

The next summer, a low time for most radio performers, Norma still had three shows a week. Her career was looking better all the time.

In the fall of 1944 Veronica Foster, Kenney's singer at the time, fell ill and Mart asked Norma to fill in. She did four shows with the band and then Mart opened the subject of employment.

"I had heard his reputation for being a shrewd businessman," grins Norma. "I just played real dumb and naive. He asked what I was making as a free lance and I opened my eyes wider and named exactly twice the correct amount.

"He looked uncomfortable, talked for a while about the advantages of being with a band—no worries about advance publicity, reservations, bookings, and so on. I said I didn't travel except down to the radio studio and home so I didn't have those difficulties anyway.

"Then he really looked confused and he said something about a clothing allowance. I knew that was something new for him so I pounced on it. I still get it too. After a while he named a figure that was less than the whopper I had told him but was still an increase in my income. I accepted." She has been with Kenney ever since.

That Inferiority Complex

Today Norma works on a guarantee, getting extra for the radio show, extra for each rehearsal and extra for so much work above that covered by the guarantee. She is reluctant to name her salary.

"I've got the best girl singer's job in the country," she says. "I'm not going to rub it in by telling how much better I'm doing than the rest of the girls."

In her off hours she's an avid reader. Besides the book-club choices on her library shelves, there's a worn copy of "Myths and Legends of China," two volumes by Thomas Mann and one by Santayana.

Her record library is top heavy with discs by Norma Locke—she listens carefully to these high-fidelity recordings of her own voice to capture every breath and eliminate faults. Between times she studies piano, has lately become interested in classical music.

She is badgered by a hulking inferiority complex which, when she first joined the band, made her colleagues think she was snooty. ("Actually," she says, "I was scared to death of them.")

One night during a recent engagement at the Brant Inn, just outside Hamilton, her nervousness caused a mental black-out and she clean forgot the lyrics of "Maybe You'll Be There." She sang the first chorus three times, managing to keep a smile on her face.

For all her outward poise and confidence, this complex still plagues Norma Locke. After seven years of broadcasting she still has to wait until after a show for her dinner if she wants to be sure of holding on to it. ★

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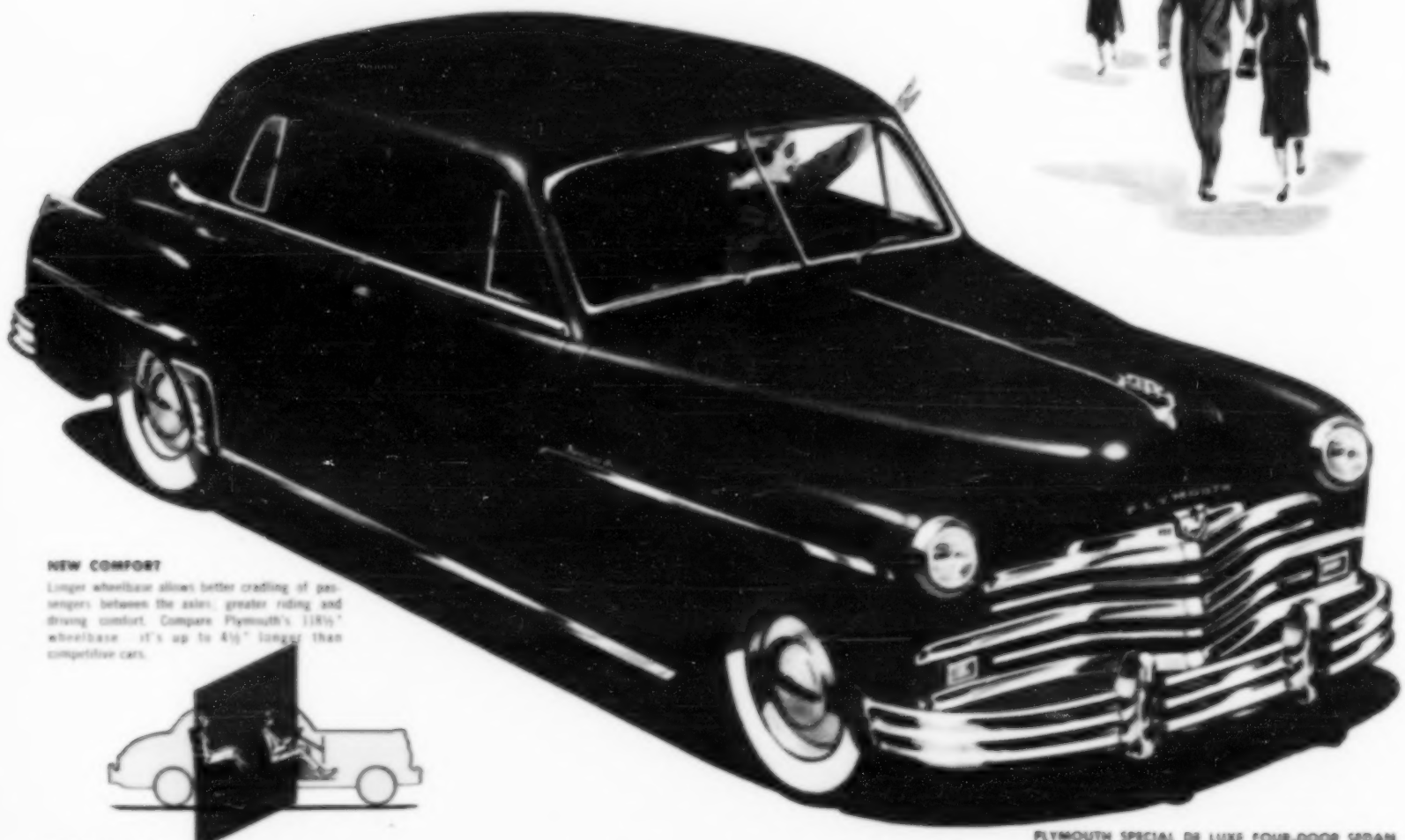

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The Promised Land

Continued from page 13

again. There were neither white flags nor any other signs of life when the smoke clouds lifted over Negba. Apparently everybody in the place was dead.

That was the moment to attack. The Arab troops were ordered to approach the colony under the cover of heavy tanks. They moved through the fields unchallenged until they were only 20 yards from the first buildings. Then suddenly all hell broke loose.

"We had played dead," one of the survivors of Negba told me, "because our only antitank gun had such a short range that we couldn't use it until the vehicles were almost above our heads. Then we destroyed two of them and killed their crews. At the same time our machine guns put the infantry to flight. The Egyptians didn't know how to take cover and we shot them off like clay pigeons."

Many new attacks followed, but the settlers refused to give in. They were kept in high spirits by Israel Barzalai, a rugged man who looked like a wrestling champion and is today his country's minister in Warsaw.

Another hero of Negba was a British Army major, Bernard Francis, a Gentile who had stayed in Negba because he liked it there and who is now a liaison officer of the Israel Government with the United Nations Commission in Tel Aviv.

Under the guidance of these men the settlers dug themselves in and held out until the siege was lifted by the general offensive in October 1948.

Negba's resistance decided the war in the south. Its name today has the same ring throughout Israel as Valley Forge in the United States or Coventry in England.

We got an even better idea of the strength of this new state of 800,000 people at the solemn opening of the new road from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, two days later. Thousands of citizens from all over the country had flocked to the parade ground halfway between the coast and the city to watch the ceremony.

It was a radiant morning. The contours of the Judean mountains stood sharply against the horizon. On a distant hill we could see Latrun, the Arab fortress that blocked the old supply route. The fields around us were cluttered with hundreds of private cars and military vehicles. Along the road a dozen refreshment tents had been set up. Messerschmidt planes were still spinning over the area. The crowd was full of jokes and good cheer. Israel's new flag—a blue Star of David between two blue stripes on white ground—fluttered in the wind from 50 giant poles.

Through the Arch of Triumph

Surely this landscape hadn't seen such a festival for several thousand years. It was the climax of the Jewish war of independence and at the same time the first opportunity for Israel's new army to parade in full strength. Foreign diplomats and U. N. observers had come to size up this new military force. They wanted to have a close look at the men who had successfully defended their country on five fronts.

We were seated right among the Israeli staff officers. They didn't look like men to fool around with. Some of them, with their tough faces and stocky figures, seemed to be baked out of earth. Many were very young natives, others were of Russian descent, a few had come from Germany. All conversed in Hebrew.

A relay sprinter came running up the hill to the platform where Prime Minister Ben Gurion stood. The runner saluted, handed a parchment scroll to the premier and announced in a loud voice: "We have run along the road. The road is open!"

A brass band swung into the Hatikvah. Ben Gurion went to a makeshift arch of triumph at the foot of the hill and declared the road opened.

Then the parade started. All units that had helped construct the new highway marched past with their faces stiffly turned toward Ben Gurion: the Palmach commandos, the infantry, the radio divisions, the military police, the women's auxiliary troops and the old greybeards who had actually built the road with their hoes and spades. They were followed by tanks, armored cars and overland buses marked with bullet holes.

We had expected to witness a somewhat amateurish show, as the Jews don't like playing soldiers any more than the British or Americans do. We were surprised to see with what ease and precision they moved across the ground. There was no denying it, these were seasoned troops who could stand any comparison. The officers around us beamed, the foreign observers glanced at each other and the crowd cheered.

The only person who remained mute and grave was David Ben Gurion. Opening the road, he said, "The battle for the road to Jerusalem was the most tragic and the most magnificent chapter in our struggle for home and independence." Only he and a few others knew how many young men had given their lives so that this festival could take place.

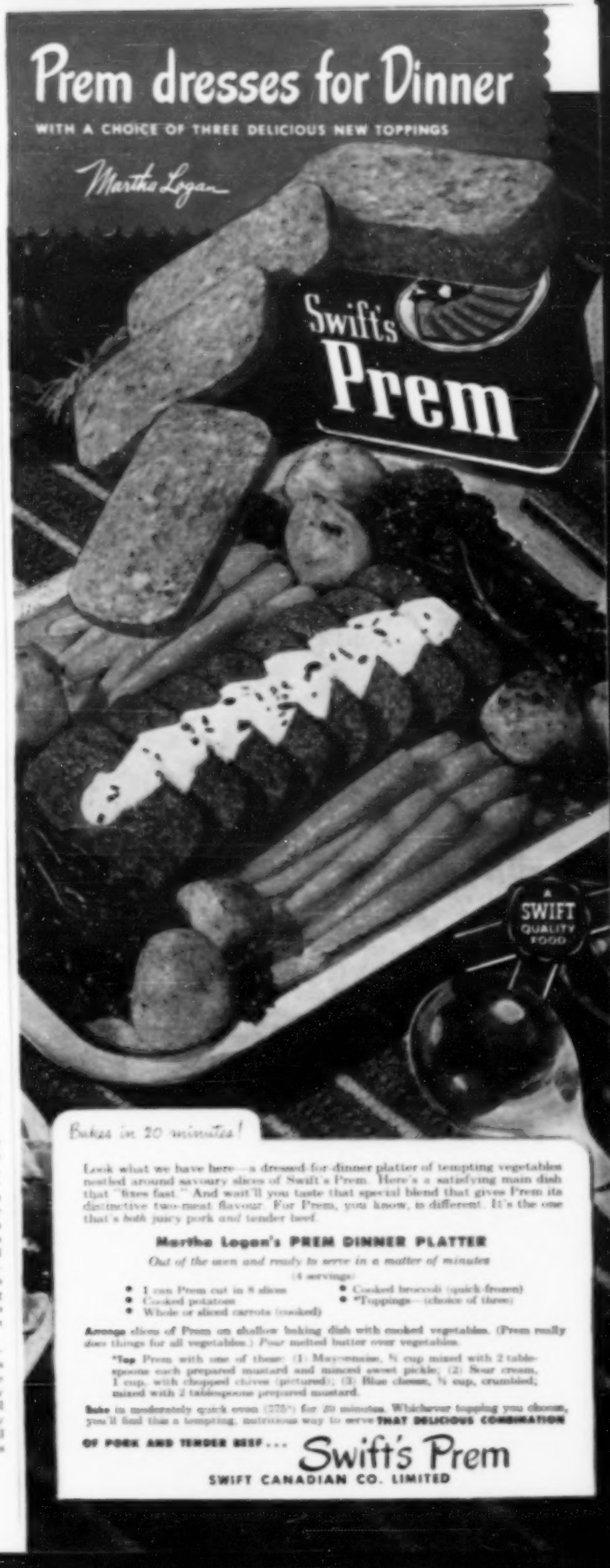
Prophet From Brooklyn

In the afternoon we drove along the new road to Jerusalem. The Holy City didn't look nearly as damaged as we had thought it would. Many houses showed traces of shelling, but there were no ruins of the kind that can be seen in Europe.

In the Army Press Office we met a young orthodox Jew with side locks and a blond beard. He wore medieval rabbinic clothes, but when he started speaking we didn't trust our ears. He talked with the purest Brooklyn accent and confided to us that he came from an entirely unreligious New York family. Up to three years ago he had worn modern clothes, gone to the movies and flirted with the girls like all his friends. Then, suddenly, he had come under the influence of an orthodox rabbi, and soon afterward he had reverted to the customs of his ancestors. His father was so grief-stricken that he had turned him out. When the boy had been called up by his draft board the doctors had rejected him for feeblemindedness.

On the way back to Tel Aviv this young man advised us that the Messiah was about to show up any time now. Probably he was already living somewhere with his wife and children, in Brooklyn, London or Jerusalem, never mind the place. He would be an orthodox rabbi possessing the virtues of David. As soon as he would reveal himself the entire world would recognize him without any further ado. As his arrival was imminent, the young man concluded, it was better to observe all Jewish laws so as to have a good record when he comes.

All this may sound foolish to unaccustomed ears, but the ideas of this young man are shared by many people in Israel. There is a religious party here that gathered almost 20% of all votes in the last elections. This party wants the state to prosecute all violators of the orthodox code: it wants



Bakes in 20 minutes!

Look what we have here—a dressed-for-dinner platter of tempting vegetables nestled around savoury slices of Swift's Prem. Here's a satisfying main dish that "fixes fast." And wait'll you taste that special blend that gives Prem its distinctive two-meat flavour. For Prem, you know, is different. It's the one that's *both* juicy pork *and* tender beef.

Martha Logan's PREM DINNER PLATTER

Out of the oven and ready to serve in a matter of minutes

(4 servings)

- 1 can Prem cut in 8 slices
- Cooked potatoes
- Whole or sliced carrots (cooked)
- Cooked broccoli (quick-frozen)
- *Toppings—(choice of three)

Arrange slices of Prem on shallow baking dish with cooked vegetables. (Prem really does things for all vegetables.) *Pour* melted butter over vegetables.

***Top** Prem with one of these: (1) Mayonnaise, ½ cup mixed with 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and minced sweet pickle; (2) Sour cream, 1 cup, with chopped chives (pictured); (3) Blue cheese, ½ cup, crumbled; mixed with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Bake in moderately quick oven (375°) for 20 minutes. Whichever topping you choose, you'll find that a tempting, nutritious way to serve **THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION OF PORK AND TENDER BEEF...** Swift's Prem

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to punish the import of pork by jail and to stop all transportation on Saturday.

Most Israeli leaders were brought up religiously, and even Socialists such as Ben Gurion and Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett acknowledge that the new state is rooted in the Old Testament. But the broad masses detest all fanaticism. They see religion as a private affair that must not hamper Israel's development as a modern state.

Oranges and Diamonds

The country's foremost source of wealth will be its oil refineries. One night, at the Hotel Zion in Haifa, we dined with Director of Customs Mendelssohn, one of the nation's top economists.

"You want to know why the Arabs must make peace with us?" he asked. "Simply because they would soon go bankrupt otherwise. They have already lost millions of dollars in the last 12 months."

Mendelssohn explained that Iraq used to have all its oil processed by Consolidated Refineries Ltd., in Haifa. Every year two million gallons were pumped from Mosul to Haifa through an underground pipeline. A new and bigger line which could move four million gallons more per year to Haifa was almost completed. But in the spring of 1948 the British engineers closed the refineries because of the street fighting in the city.

We asked our host what the Israel Government was going to do with those plants. He assured us that it didn't intend to nationalize them. The works, he declared, still belonged to the Iraq Petroleum Company, and it was up to its shareholders to reopen them.

"But hasn't the situation changed a bit?" we enquired. "Won't Israel have its say in the matter too now?"

"Our conditions are reasonable," Mendelssohn replied. "We want the Iraq Petroleum Company to guarantee our oil consumption at a fair price and to employ Israeli workers in the refineries. We also want to have a share of the foreign currency income."

When we asked if he wasn't afraid of competition elsewhere he took us out into the street. "Do you notice how this city is climbing up the Mount Carmel?" he asked. "The hill is so steep that it is very difficult for bombers to pint-point a target here. The pilots would almost certainly crash into the rocks. The British know this and prefer the Haifa refineries to all others."

Undoubtedly these oil plants are among Israel's most valuable assets, but almost of equal importance is the export of the citrus crop. We visited Petah Tiqva, the "Gate of Hope," a 70-year-old settlement with 25,000 inhabitants. The town is surrounded by orange groves and exports one million cases per year—a seventh of the country's production.

We asked one of the planters who was the main buyer of Israel oranges this year. "England, naturally," he said with a grin. "The United Kingdom has ordered 3.8 million cases at 30 shillings ($5) per box."

We could hardly believe our ears as we had heard only bitter words and complaints about the British in the previous few days. But we found the same phenomenon in the diamond industry, the country's third-biggest source of income.

Antwerp diamond cutters who fled here from the Nazis in 1940 have installed a series of plants at Nathanya a small seaside resort. The London Diamond Syndicate provides them with raw stones, and their output has leaped from $100,000 in 1940 to $4 millions in 1948.

Looking For a Long Peace

Few people realize how closely Jews and Arabs co-operate already in many towns in Israel. In Haifa, for instance, there are a number of Arab business leaders who give full-hearted support to the regime. The most prominent of them are exporters Victor and Fuad Kajad, shipowner Abu Said, and Hadja Karaman, a member of the Israeli Parliament and the most influential Arab politician in the country.

When President Weizmann recently attended a state banquet in Haifa, Karaman toasted him and declared that the Arab population had full confidence in his integrity and generosity.

Answering, Weizman said: "In 1917 I traveled from Haifa to Amman via Egypt to meet King Feisal and Colonel Lawrence. The journey lasted three weeks, but it was worth while. We came to an agreement and, with some good will, we can come to an agreement again today."

These words expressed the sincere hope of the Israeli. Victory hasn't gone to their heads. They are looking for a lasting peace with all their neighbors. They need it to build their new country, and more and more Arabs feel that they, too, will profit from Israel's efforts. ★

"If he asks you have you read his book, say 'Yes!' "

While you're shaking out the confetti . . .

Congratulations! And while you are shaking out the confetti, may we make a suggestion?

When you slipped the ring on her finger, she became yours "to have and to hold" . . . and to protect. Protecting today's bride can be easier than you think. One thing you must have is insurance protection from the start. If you are like most newlyweds, trying to stretch your dollars, we would like to offer some help.

Especially planned for you, the Great-West Life Graduated Premium Policy offers an important feature you will like. It is permanent life insurance but you pay only half the regular premium the first year. After that there are gradual increases, until you are paying the full amount from the fifth year on. With this plan, you can afford more insurance *now*. The full protection begins at once, but not the full cost.

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I Went Back to a Drunk

Continued from page 15

work. His bosses, who visited our city periodically, were heavy drinkers too.

Then came the depression of the 30's. My husband's heavy drinking bills, repairs to cars he had wrecked and fines had used up any spare money we could have saved. When our salary cut came it meant retrenching, but fast. At first it was a bitter blow, but somehow I thought foolishly this would mean there would be nothing left over for alcohol. But the setback acted as a stimulant and he drank more than ever to forget the depression. I found myself avoiding the butcher, the grocer and the landlord we soon owed money to them all.

During this period our six-year-old son had to have an appendix operation. I shall never forget rushing him to hospital late at night, and the kind neighbors who drove us refusing my husband's request to get a bottle and bring it to the hospital for him. The doctor finally persuaded him that he could do no good there and he was driven home where he proceeded to get drunk.

I stayed at the hospital, and it wasn't until 10 o'clock the next morning that my husband had sobered enough to know whether the operation had been successful or not.

Finally, on a Saturday, we agreed to meet at the hospital around 2.30 p.m. and have a long visit with our son. I got there at the appointed time and said that Daddy would be along soon. Each time footsteps were heard in the corridor, our son would sit up and say, "I bet that's Daddy now." Then the look of disappointment on his white little face was a knife twist in my heart. His Dad didn't arrive and by 5.30 I had to return home, living in terror that my husband would visit the hospital drunk.

"I Wished He Was Dead"

I arrived home worried and weary, and after getting dinner for the rest of the family began to feel a knot inside get tighter as the hours went by. Finally around 10.30 a neighbor phoned and asked me to come and take my husband home, as he was very drunk and was disrupting their party, which he had crashed earlier. After persuading him to return home I found I hated him and wished him dead.

I had long since learned it was useless to remonstrate with him when he was drunk and I tried to be calm and cool, but he would have none of this as he was in an ugly mood and spoiling for a fight. For several hours I listened to his drunken jargon and, finally, in disgust, I started to go to bed. This infuriated him, and he tried to prevent me from going upstairs. Then I struck him. He is a big man and he could have crushed me with a blow, but he had never struck me in his life. This night he was a different person. He followed me upstairs, threatening with each step to strangle me for striking him. He yelled, "No one can hit me and get away with it. I'm going to wring your neck."

When we reached the top step I turned and faced him, saying, "There's my neck, strangle me if you wish, it will be one way of getting rid of you for the children's sake." He stared at me drunkenly, his eyes bloodshot and full of hate. Then he spat in my face, turned, and went downstairs.

He was still asleep in his clothes on the couch in the living room next morning, and not a word was spoken for several hours after he got up. Then he asked me if he had been obnoxious the night before as he couldn't remember anything from the time he had crashed the party next door.

He wouldn't believe the things I told him and accused me of making it up. Then he became contrite and asked forgiveness and a chance to prove that he could be a decent husband and father again.

I remember when I first realized that the respect in which I held my husband had been supplanted by contempt. He had been drinking very heavily and brought home some strangers late at night. He walked into our bedroom with them, introduced me as I lay blinking at the bright light, and cursed because I refused to get up and get them food. Following this, he went on the wagon, or so he said, for a week or so. Then we were invited to a party by friends who could throw business in my husband's direction.

"I Hoped For a Miracle"

Before we left home I asked him to watch his step and he agreed. I remember so well what he said: "You keep an eye on me, dear, and when you think I have had enough just pinch my arm and I'll not have another drink."

After about an hour I noticed the usual signs: my husband tossing off large drinks much too quickly, making repeated trips to the kitchen, our host eyeing him with suspicion. I quietly slipped to his side and gave him the warning pinch, looking into his eyes and silently pleading with him to go easy.

That pinch seemed to act with the suddenness of a match set to gasoline. My husband strolled over to the buffet where several bottles of whisky were open, calmly poured himself half a tumbler of straight whisky, then turning to catch my eye he tossed it off with an air of bravado.

I shall never forget the feeling of humiliation about half an hour and six drinks later when my hostess took me aside and asked me if I would take my husband home as he was spoiling her party.

Hundreds of such instances occurred during the next few years. Perhaps one of the reasons I stuck on was that deep-down underneath I felt some miracle would happen, that basically he was a wonderful husband and father.

At last I got a position in a department store, working from 8.30 to 5.30. Our youngest child was now in school and I felt free to work. My husband lost his job and got another selling on commission.

"Finally, the Break Came"

One bitter experience occurred during the summer holidays when the children were home. My husband had been absent on a drinking bout for two days and two nights. I had told him after the previous bout that if he repeated it again I would visit a lawyer and arrange for a legal separation. He agreed. Yet he arrived home in the middle of the night so drunk that he fell into a stupor as soon as he hit the bed. As I lay there listening to his muttering and snores I hated him and actually wondered if I could press a pillow over his face and strangle him. It was such a temptation that I found myself trembling with fear . . . and I got up and walked the floor for the rest of the night.

He finally got a job in a factory at a low but steady salary, most of which went toward paying the back rent. But the heavy drinking continued, partly, I think, to drown his humiliation and frustration.

When he lost the job in the factory after a few months, he decided that

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Three other stunning models (not shown) to choose from: Kodak Tourist camera with *f*/8.8 lens, $43.12, and two de luxe models (they have built-in exposure guides) . . . with *f*/6.3 lens, $54.88 . . . with *f*/4.5 Lumenized lens, $72.80. Kodak Flashholder for all models, $11.75. All prices include taxes. At your Kodak dealer's . . . CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO 9, ONTARIO

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he would have to go away to battle it out himself. My health was suffering, not from the work I was doing but from the worry he was causing. The children avoided him, and when he was sober he realized this and was more depressed. So the break was made.

No one can know the relief it was to be free of worry and the thought of him coming home drunk. A cloud had been lifted from our life; the children felt free to bring their friends around; and by watching every penny I was able, with some money my husband sent to me at odd intervals, to pay off some of the pressing debts.

We corresponded regularly and although his letters never mentioned his private battle I knew he was trying. The cheques became more frequent and a little larger each time, so that we were able to free our creditors. However, I was gaining a feeling of independence; and the children were older, one of them working. My heart was numb as far as any feeling of affection for my husband was concerned.

I began hearing of his drunken exploits again, and it was then I wrote and asked him for a legal separation. He knew I meant it this time. He wrote and asked for a little time to prove he could win his battle against alcohol. I agreed to three months, and the following week he wrote and said he had joined Alcoholics Anonymous. I had heard of the organization but didn't know very much about it, so was quite sceptical. He wrote glowing letters of the work of A.A. and how he was endeavoring to learn more about it.

When he wrote, after six months, that he was coming home for Christmas I kept my fingers crossed and hoped.

We were delighted in the change in his appearance when he got down from the train. He was much thinner, had lost that alcoholic puffiness, his skin was clear and fresh. We talked for hours that evening about the therapy of A.A. and how it worked and I found my respect slowly returning. But I still had a deep fear I couldn't overcome.

After a few days, just a day or so before Christmas, he asked me if I had any wine or Scotch in the house to serve friends. When I said I hadn't, he remarked, "Don't worry about me, dear, those bottles are marked poison as far as I am concerned. Because I am allergic to alcohol, doesn't mean that normal drinkers can't handle it."

Fearful and trembling, I saw him come home the next day with a couple of bottles. It was with a sick heart that I saw him pour and serve it to our guests. But he didn't touch it, just quietly sipped a Coke. I couldn't believe it, and still had reservations. I knew he had fought a bitter battle, one of the hardest any man ever had to fight, and yet I wasn't convinced the victory was permanent.

He returned to his job in another city and I carried on with my work. The children were happy about the change in their Dad, but when his letters came suggesting we might become a family unit again I rebelled. The children, now in their teens with the oldest married, had quickly regained their faith in their father. But because I had lived my own life for so long I didn't want to give it up.

"There Was a Greater Power"

My husband had established himself in his own business by this time, was doing well, and working hard to help other alcoholics. If we were to live together again I would have to give up my job, my freedom, and set up a home in another city.

It wasn't an easy decision to make, but after listening to my husband, who had never been a religious man, tell me that he would never have won the battle had it not been for a power greater than himself, I knew he had won, and for keeps.

As a member of Alcoholics Anonymous, my husband would strike out those last two words, "for keeps." It is against the principles of A.A. to say, "I'll never take another drink." They say instead, "I shall try not to take a drink TODAY."

I shall never forget the thrill of knowing that respect and love for my husband were slowly returning. I will never forget the night when he said, "Each morning before I get out of bed I ask for guidance and help through this day, and each night as I return to bed I say a grateful thanks."

Basic honesty, utter humility and a desire to help others is the foundation of a life of happy and contented sobriety, which I am now privileged to share.

The love and respect which I had thought lost forever have returned with greater intensity and deeper meaning. Our children again love their father. I have no cause to regret that I came back to live with an alcoholic. ★

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Modern floor, yes! It's Marboleum . . . the floor that is right at home with old-fashioned furniture or in the 1949 bride's dream house . . . Nothing old-maidish about it. No shooing and booing if the crowd tramp in with muddy or snow-caked shoes . . . or want to dance. Marboleum is so largely tough, resilient *cork* that they can't scuff it . . . and a flick of the mop makes it smile again.

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Marboleum

Beautiful Resilient

floors

A "DOMINION" PRODUCT

Patterns illustrated in kitchen above: Marboleum M. 39, M. 99 and M. 108, with interlinings of M. 99 and M. 95.

Made by DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY, Limited Montreal

Window at East's

Continued from page 21

They were all there when B. J. came in with Mrs. Chapin.

Peter did not look at Ann Troubridge. He listened while B. J. spoke. When B. J. finished, nodding to him, Peter glanced at the summary in Miss Norton's clear typescript. He said, "I think we're pretty well finished with the generalities of the campaign. There is, we're agreed, a nation-wide sentiment, recognized or not, that fits in perfectly with Associated's new lines. A hankering back to the times of our parents and grandparents. To the days of well-security and peace. To simpler times and simpler living. All this is inherent in Associated's new products. Our job is to awaken in the women of the country a recognition of this feeling they may not be aware is in them."

Ann Troubridge said clearly, "No."

B. J. sat up. Peter was aware of the stir of uneasiness that went about the table. He kept his eyes on his notes. He thought, *All I have to do is keep still. Her looks are no longer a novelty to B. J. . . .* But he wanted to tell her to shut up.

"The men as much if not more so than the women," Ann said.

B. J. turned his eyes on Peter. Peter said, "Young couples shop for their first furniture, but when it comes to replacement it is the wives who count."

Ann said again, "No."

Their eyes held. Peter let his breath go slowly. He looked at B. J. Beyond him Mrs. Chapin smiled, but Peter knew somehow that it wasn't what they were differing about that amused her.

B. J. snapped, "Let's get it straight. What about Research, Moffit?"

Moffit said briskly, "Figures taken on our test windows don't go into exact numbers. Comparatively, though, a preponderance of women looking at them."

Ann asked, "What were the hours?"

"Nine in the morning to four in the afternoon."

"Not a fair test," Ann said.

Peter asked, "Why not? Take East's. There are as many men as women, more, on the Avenue."

"Businessmen. Women shoppers."

Continued on page 40

Old man weather took over the lease

HOMES are hard to find. But Old Man Weather found one. A snug little home it was, too, until he settled down. The previous tenants didn't want to leave, but he insisted.

First, a drain clogged and a gutter sprang a leak. Then a high wind tore loose a chimney flashing. Melting snows seeped through. Summer suns and rains went to work on the roof. Shingles split and the next rain went through to spoil the ceiling two floors below. Rust set up light housekeeping everywhere.

The people finally had to leave. They were evicted, you might say. They could have stopped weather from moving in—but they didn't even try. A new roof, or even a little roofing cement or rust-proof paint, would have saved them money. Barrett has products for just that purpose. They're called Protective Products. They protect your home from the weather.

Granted that this is an exaggerated case. More often than not weather damage is invisible unless you search for it. Look over your home *soon*—patch any leaks, seal any loose flashings, rust-proof exposed metal. Houses cost too much to let them go to ruin. And you'll find that Barrett Protective Products make the job of keeping your home in shape easy, and economical, too.

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THISTLE

ANYTIME you suffer from irregularity—headaches—colds—liver upset—constipation . . . take sparkling Sal Hepatica for gentle, quick relief. It usually works within an hour . . . leaves you feeling so right because Sal Hepatica also combats excess gastric acidity . . . makes sour stomachs sweet again. When you want relief—you want it *fast*. So keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy.

DAY OR NIGHT GET FEELING RIGHT WITH GENTLE, SPARKLING

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

Continued from page 38

Ann said. "I suggest a test after business hours would show even more masculine interest in East's window than feminine."

B. J. looked annoyed. Peter felt no lift. He looked at Moffit. "Put a crew on it for a check."

He glanced at Ann. He felt somehow sorry for her. She'd put her neck out when it wasn't necessary.

Ann's cheeks were a little pale. She said, "You don't mind if I make my own check?"

B. J. said irritably, "Suppose you two check it yourselves," and before Peter could say anything, Ann said, "I think so. Three nights from six to nine. If Mr. Grayling isn't disinclined to give the time."

Peter shook his head. "I don't mind. Six o'clock at East's. Tonight, tomorrow and Saturday."

He looked at B. J. but he saw Mrs. Chapin's smile. B. J. said into the silence, "Well, let's get on with it . . ."

It was almost completely dark; only the windows of the shops were bright with light and color.

A cool wind moved down the Avenue. The people strolling seemed in no hurry.

Ann Troubridge was waiting at the curb in front of the test window at East's. There were people clustered before the window. They stood and looked and then drifted away and others came from either direction and filled the empty spaces.

Ann wore a close-fitting dark coat, its collar tight about her neck. There was a long feather in her hat. It swayed as she turned her head. She wasn't, Peter saw, as tall as he had thought. He said, "You know, we could have left it to Moffit . . ."

"It's too late now, isn't it?" Ann said and Peter took out his counters and inspected them. Ann said, "We can discount couples. That will make it easier. Left hand for women, right for men. It's a minute or so before six now, but that's all right, isn't it?"

"Quite all right."

A woman came down the Avenue, her heels clicking. Her head turned. She paused and went over to the window. Peter pressed the plunger of the left-hand counter. Two men came up from the South talking earnestly. One paused. He put his hand on his companion's arm. They walked over to join the others before the window. Peter's right-hand counter clicked twice.

THE window was big. It showed three sides: the interior of a room.

It recalled for Peter the living room of the stone house in Ridgewater. The fireplace was the same: big and deep enough for split maple logs that burned steadily for hours with pleasant heat.

He thought, "It's pretty cold up there. Pretty lonely."

The house would be dark. The only light would come from the Carast's cottage. The mist would be coming ghostly white from the river. It would be chill and damp, but if the maple logs were burning it would take no time at all for the house to get as warm and comfortable as it had ever been in all its hundred-odd years of existence.

He concentrated on his checking, not looking at Ann.

It was Ann who said at last, "Nine."

Peter looked at her blankly. She said, "Nine o'clock."

"Is it?" Peter peered at his watch. "Shall we check?" Ann asked.

They carried the counters to the street lamp. Peter showed Ann his. She said, "Pretty close. You have two more men than I have. I've three more women. Even so in round figures about two hundred women and two hundred and twenty men."

"Yes." Peter put his counters in his pocket.

Ann said, "Tomorrow. Same time."

Peter hesitated. "You—shall I get you a cab?"

"No. I live close by."

Peter said. "I think it's better for you not to—to walk alone."

"That's kind of you," Ann said.

They walked in silence. Peter thought of several things that came into his mind but he said nothing. At a three-storied building with a linen shop masking the small door Ann said, "This is where I live. Good night, Mr. Grayling."

Peter raised his hat and moved up the street but as he got to the corner he slowed. He didn't want to go to the club but it was too early to go home. He wasn't given to feeling like this. There was always more to do than time in which to do it. He thought, *It's the autumn and Marsden and then this . . .* He shoved his hands in his overcoat pockets and crossed the street toward the restaurant whose lights beckoned.

B. J. wasn't around the next day. He wouldn't, Mrs. Chapin said, be back until Tuesday. She came into Peter's office to tell him. She asked, "How old are you Peter?" and Peter stared.

"After ten years you haven't found out, Nelly? I'm thirty-seven."

Mrs. Chapin smiled. "No you are," she said and went out. Peter looked blankly at Miss Norton but Miss Norton didn't seem to have noticed anything odd.

It was cold when Peter got to East's that evening. There were lots of fur coats in evidence. Ann was at the curb talking to a young policeman.

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There weren't as many people as there had been the night before. Possibly, Peter thought, because it was so cold. This time he thought nine o'clock would never come and several times he found himself staring at East's window, thinking of the house at Ridgewater and entirely forgetting his count.

When nine o'clock finally came and Ann remarked upon the difference in their count, Peter said, "I'm sure yours is right. I forgot, several times . . ."

He walked home with her again, turning up the collar of his light coat. Ann walked easily beside him. Peter said, "We could skip tomorrow."

"Saturday people are different from weekday ones."

Peter felt for a cigarette. He said slowly as he threw the match away, "The whole thing's unfortunate. You could have chosen something else; something . . ."

Ann stopped. "Did you think it was personal?" She shook her head. "I thought it important. Part of the whole campaign and the staff meeting the place to discuss it."

Peter said, "I agree. But you don't know B. J. as I do. He . . ." He gestured. Ann started on and Peter went with her.

At her door she paused. She was about to say something but after a moment she said only, "Good night. Tomorrow at six." Peter lifted his hat and went up Madison to the restaurant for a belated dinner.

KALMAN-KAY was closed on Saturdays but Peter went to the office as usual and worked all morning and part of the afternoon. It had turned unseasonably warm and the office was stuffy. At three he left and had some lunch. The air was damp and close. It was much too warm for November but the warmth made Peter think of how it would be at Ridgewater. All golden haze and vagrant puffs of wind and the water moving silently below the knoll. If he got the car from the garage he could be there in four hours.

He went to the club but it was close there. He didn't like his drink and played only one hand of bridge. He went out again and walked slowly toward East's as the dusk was falling. He stood there, feeling very warm from the walk. He undid his coat and the air was almost too cool.

It started to rain soon after Ann came. She had on a checked raincoat and she raised the hood and covered her head. She said with a sort of impatience, "Didn't you know it was going to rain?"

"I didn't think of it," Peter said, his mind grasping again at that note in her voice that was somehow so familiar.

Ann said, "We can watch from the doors. If it rains hard there won't be many to count."

It didn't rain hard at first. A mere series of tiny drops. There weren't many lone men and women to check. There were mostly couples. They stood arm in arm, looking in the window speaking in low tones. Peter buttoned his coat tightly about him. His cigarette didn't taste good at all. The rain started to come down hard and the people vanished. The street glistened in the lamplight. Auto wheels hissed on the wet asphalt. The young policeman came by, his black waterproof glistening. Peter sneezed.

Ann turned her head. Peter felt very odd and dispirited. Ann said, "We'd better call it off. This rain is going to last."

They couldn't flag a cab. At Ann's door she said, "I think you're getting a cold. You take some aspirin and go right to bed."

When he got to his hotel he was thoroughly drenched. His head felt like a balloon. He got out of his wet clothes and took a hot shower. Then he got into bed thankfully. He remembered he hadn't taken any aspirin but he couldn't summon the energy to get up and see if he had some. He fell asleep, thinking, *I'll be all right in the morning.*

HE wasn't. When he woke, shivering, his bones ached. The rain slatted against the windows and Peter groaned and went to sleep again.

He woke feeling worse. He reached for the phone. "Tell Dr. Johnson to drop in on me, will you?" he croaked.

Dr. Johnson came, a cheerful, florid man, who shoved a thermometer in Peter's mouth. He looked at it later and said brightly, "A bit of fever. Got to expect that. I'll send you up some pills. Take them as directed and keep in bed for a couple of days. Eat lightly."

The pills came at five. Peter took his dose. When he woke again it was dark. He looked at the table clock. It was one in the morning. He thought, *I'll be okay. I'll get to the office.*

He wasn't and he didn't. When he got out of bed he knew it was no go. He took his pills, ordered tea and toast and went back to bed. Dr. Johnson came at eleven. Peter was glad to see him. Johnson said, "Hah," after he looked at the thermometer. "Fever's down. Stay in bed today."

He napped. When he woke he found himself thinking of Ann Troubridge. He lay in bed staring at the ceiling. He knew B. J. As he'd told Ann it was unfortunate that she'd chosen to differ with him on a thing like the window at East's. It didn't make him feel better however. That, Peter told himself, was the cold.

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At five he ordered some dinner.

The sunlight faded. Peter hated to see it go. He closed his eyes. It made him think of being a kid, after his mother had died. Of being up in his garret room at the farm. Of crying out when the dark came and of hearing his sister Mary's voice.

HE sat up. The knock was clear. Peter called, "Come in," and looked at the open bedroom door. He said, "Oh, come in."

He looked at the mussed bedcovers, shifted to get away from a crease in the sheet that hurt his back. He turned his head, still bemused and saw Ann Troubridge in the doorway.

Her cheeks were flushed with the cold and her violet eyes looked at Peter with a sort of shocked compassion.

Ann came into the room, stripping off her gloves. "They told me you hadn't been in. I knew you were most probably in bed and I consider myself to blame."

"Not at all," Peter said stiffly.

Ann looked at the bed. She glanced at the tray. Her eyes met Peter's. "Has your bed been made?"

Peter said, "N-no. I've been in it."

"Hasn't anyone been taking care of you?"

He didn't answer. Ann said, "You're a mess and that bed is worse." She laid her gloves down. "Do you think you could go and wash yourself?"

"I've no fever," Peter said.

"Then you do that." She picked up the dressing gown and tossed it to him and Peter recognized what it was in her voice that was so familiar. It was the way his sister Mary had spoken to him, years ago.

He put on the robe. Ann had her back to him, holding the phone. Her voice was crisp. "Get me the housekeeper and send a waiter up here immediately. 714. Mr. Greyling."

PETER shuffled into the bathroom. He shaved and washed, got fresh pyjamas from the linen closet. He felt ever so much better when he finally came out, knotting the ties of the robe.

The bed was freshly made up. Ann was in the sitting room.

Peter sat down in the big chair. Ann asked, "Haven't you any relatives or—or friends you could have called?"

Peter just looked at her and Ann said with that warm, concerned impatience that was so like Mary, "What have you been doing these all the years you've been in the city?"

"Working," Peter said.

She stared at him, red lips parted. The waiter knocked, pushed in the table. Ann lifted the covers and inspected everything before she nodded dismissal. Peter felt hunger gnaw at him as he smelled the broth.

When he had finished he lighted a cigarette. It tasted good. He glanced at Ann seated across from him, her hat on the small table beside her. He said, "That was swell. You—I'm not keeping you from—from anything, am I?"

"You're out," Ann said, "but you've got to go to bed now. You'll be all right tomorrow. It will all be all right."

THE day was blue and gold, crisp, as Peter walked to the office. He felt fine; better for knowing just what he was going to do.

Nelly Chapin was at her desk in her own office guarding B. J.'s. She lifted her white head to smile at Peter. The smile deepened. "He's in an awful mood. Go right in, Peter. He's waiting for you."

B. J. Kaye swung around to glare as Peter came in. Peter said, "We've completed that check. Miss Troubridge was right. The campaign will have to have a general appeal. For men as much as for women."

B. J. growled, "Bad staff work."

"On my part," Peter said firmly. "I suggest Miss Troubridge can do better."

"Maybe," B. J. said, "but she's resigned."

"Resigned?" Peter said. "But why?"

B. J.'s carefully tailored shoulders lifted. "Don't ask me. What's it matter?"

Peter felt a cold anger. "It matters a lot. Why did you get her to throw up her job if you don't care if she stays or not, even when she's proved she has what it takes?"

B. J.'s eyes grew hard. "What's biting you? I thought you wanted her out?"

Peter stared down at his chief. "I see. Useful as a whip." He let his breath go. "I don't like it, B. J."

B. J. barked, "You what?"

"I don't like it," Peter said. "I've had too much of it and it isn't necessary for me to take it." He nodded. "Get yourself another whipping boy. I've resigned, too."

He went to the door, hearing J. B. call, "Pete. Come back here, Pete."

He paid no attention. He went past Mrs. Chapin's desk to the door. She called to him and Peter turned. She came, plump and rounded on inadequately tiny feet and lifted on tiptoe to kiss him. "I always thought you were nice," she said.

THE door clicked after Peter pressed the button under Troubridge. When he got up the narrow flight of stairs Ann was standing in the doorway. Her hair was about her shoulders. She looked older, but even more lovely.

She stepped back into the room. Peter followed. It was all pale green with comfortable, colorful furniture. Ann sat down, drawing the skirts of her blue robe about her. Peter said, "I've just come from the office. Why did you resign?"

Ann's hands lifted, dropped. "I guess I'm tired of fighting. I've had ten years of it."

"But you proved your point."

"Did I?" Her smile was faint. "That doesn't change anything, does it? I'm getting pretty close to thirty and somehow it doesn't mean what it once did. Or maybe looking at that window in East's for three straight nights made me too aware of other things."

Peter drew his breath carefully. "B. J. knows you are good. He'll probably call you. You'll have it all your own way. I'm leaving."

"He's called already," Ann said. "Five minutes ago." Her eyes met Peter's. "Why did you resign, Peter?"

"Maybe for the same reasons," Peter said slowly. "I've had fifteen years of it. Maybe that window at East's got to me, too. I've a farm up country. I've got as much money as I need and I'm a farmer's son, from a long line of farmers. I'm thirty-seven. It's time I did what I know is the thing I want to do."

His throat felt tight. He said, "It's a lovely place. There's a house. A stone house . . ." He stopped. Ann's violet eyes were fathomless. Peter went on, stumbling. "We could be there in four hours. I could get the car if—if you'd come, Ann."

Ann's voice was soft. "I was born on a farm too. In the Okanagan." Her smile was sudden, dazzling. She got up in one lithe, flowing movement. "You get the car. We'll have lunch here. A decent lunch, Peter. I'd love to go with you."

Her long fingers touched his arm. "Go along. I want to call that awful wise woman, Nelly Chapin." ★

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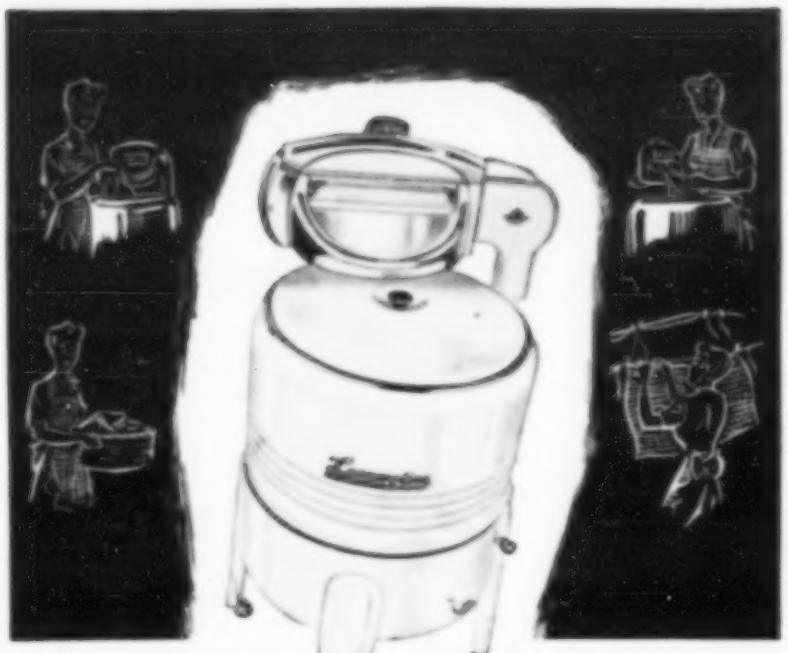

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Continued from page 9

Tokyo and Shanghai, which are scheduled to begin in August, will take a total of 21 hours, cost about $700 one way. U. S. airlines like Pan American take three days, charge $786; by ship the trip costs $300, takes 18 days. Maps show that Chicago is 4,000 miles closer to Shanghai by McConachie's northern route than by the southern link through Hawaii.

CPA plans to start regular runs between Vancouver and Sydney, Australia, in July. On the present tentative schedule the trip will take less than two days and will cost less than $700. Bigger airlines take four days and charge $685; ship $555, 25 days. Shipping companies are completely booked for passages to Australia until 1952, a factor McConachie is counting on.

McConachie's belief that both Pacific routes will pay off for CPA is by no means unanimous in the airline business. Some rival TCA officials think he will lose his shirt. They point out that bigger U. S. airlines are losing money in the Pacific and claim that McConachie's four new 36-passenger Canadair 4's are far too few to handle the two long jaunts. Some American aviation executives agree with the TCA view.

Foundation of a Feud

This cold water doesn't dampen McConachie. He counts swinging the trans-Pacific routes for CPA as his biggest deal, and says it took years of wrangling to get a reluctant government to bypass its favorite godchild TCA and name CPA Canada's official Pacific carrier.

Commenting on TCA's attitude, Dick Ryan, McConachie's executive assistant, says laconically: "Naturally we wouldn't be going into the Pacific if we didn't think we could make it a paying proposition."

The CPA-TCA feud goes back to 1937 when the CPR backed out of negotiations with the CNR and the government and the proposed joint transcontinental airline became the strictly government-controlled TCA.

The CPR answered the TCA monopoly in 1939 by starting to buy up the north-south bush lines. In 1942 it amalgamated them into CPA. The CPR paid between $4 and $5 millions for 11 bush lines (McConachie's Yukon Southern Air Transport was second largest) and 77 assorted aircraft. Then it quietly tried to hook them up into a transcontinental route.

The Government stepped in and stopped this plan and since then relations between the two Canadian airlines have been unofficially strained. Ironically, McConachie finds he must fly TCA on many business trips.

Grant McConachie is more than a paper-work president. He is also a sort of good will ambassador and fixer-upper for CPA. As in his bush pilot days, he is still a hard-driving, determined man. There is often a storm in his wake, but he manages to smooth most of the rough waters with a suave charm.

The new trans-Pacific routes posed many problems for the McConachie personality. He had to move CPA's operational headquarters to Vancouver and spent two days personally persuading the city council to sell him the big war-built hangar at Vancouver's International Airport for use as a base.

Last November he flew to Australia to do some more fast talking. The Labor government there had thought the state-owned TCA would be Canada's official Pacific carrier and objected to the privately owned CPA. McConachie again proved a good diplomat.

McConachie is often likened to prominent U. S. Republican Harold E. Stassen, whom he resembles. Tall (six feet three), hefty (210 pounds), McConachie seems to radiate joviality and good humor. He wears a broad grin and his grey eyes flash out of a rakish, clean-shaven face that is inclined to freckle in the sun. Thinning on top, his dark hair is greying above his ears.

From the day CPA came into being, McConachie confidently and brazenly predicted that one day he would be president. Some of the CPA executives were aghast at the meteoric rise of this brash young bush pilot. The CPR got McConachie when it bought his Yukon Southern in 1940. In 1941 he was assistant to the vice-president of CPR's western lines, and worked on organizing CPA. When CPA was formed in 1942 he was made general manager of Western Lines. In 1946 he was moved from Edmonton to Montreal, became assistant to the president and in February, 1947, was appointed president.

Like most prominent businessmen McConachie has enemies, but his are far from outspoken. Charlie ("Punch") Dickins was vice-president of CPA in 1946. He was reportedly slated for the presidency and was said to be backed by a powerful block of CPR executives, but McConachie got the job. Dickins quit, became manager of the de Havilland Aircraft Co. Today he refuses to talk about McConachie.

McConachie uses his charm and a one-of-the-boys attitude to keep his airline running smoothly. Nearly all CPA's older (in service) employees call him "Grant" because they've known him all their working lives. He has a certain personal magnetism that attracts key men to him. Practically all the top pilots and mechanics he met in his early days now work for him—even his first mechanic, Bill Sutherland, who is now his aircraft inspection chief.

The Boss Is a Trouble-Shooter

But McConachie expects unswerving loyalty. If he doesn't get it, he can be tough. His oldest buddy, Sheldon Luck, once called the luckiest pilot in the world, is now a British Columbia farmer because he fell out with McConachie. At the end of the war, chief pilot of CPA, Luck was offered a flying job in South America at twice his Canadian salary. McConachie didn't want him to go. Luck went, but in a few months the deal fell through. When he tried to rejoin CPA McConachie coldly told him that he would have to start at the bottom of the ladder again as a co-pilot. Luck chose farming instead.

McConachie likes to keep in action. When a Dutch businessman, stranded by bad weather in Newfoundland on Labor Day, 1947, tried unsuccessfully to charter a local plane and finally called CPA, McConachie left an outing with his family to recruit a volunteer crew and personally fly the plane that brought the Dutchman out.

Last spring when a sudden rise in temperature made the landing of vital supplies on Knob Lake, Labrador, unsafe because of soft snow, McConachie solved the problem in typical fashion. He loaded a giant snowblower into a big, wheel-equipped DC-3, personally flew it in. Landing on the soft snow he broke a propeller, damaged his landing gear, but safely grounded the snowblower which was used to clear runways to within an inch of the ice. It was the first time an airstrip had been made that way.

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McConachie is quickly on the scene whenever and wherever trouble breaks in CPA. In 20 years piloting he has flown more than 200 mercy and rescue flights. Canadian airlines lead the world in safety and CPA has had only two serious crashes, resulting in a total loss of 14 lives.

Crashes and forced landings are nothing new to McConachie, the bush pilot. One time he was forced down in the icy wilderness, lived on emergency rations for a month while he made new engine parts with scrap iron and a hammer, and finally flew the plane out. Not long after he took up commercial flying he took off in a fog with no de-icers, crashed "practically into the streets of Edmonton," went right through the instrument panel, broke both ankles, kneecaps, wrists and most of his ribs, ended up by marrying his nurse.

McConachie's bush-line companies never killed or injured a passenger, though they frequently shook them up a little. McConachie, who has never worn a parachute because he doesn't think they're necessary, developed a crash technique that most of the bush pilots used. If his motor failed and there was no landing in sight he would fly his plane between two trees to shear off the wings. This broke the speed of fall for the fuselage, which would then plop roughly, but not too violently, to earth.

Watch Details Cut Costs

In those days McConachie was called "the human airplane," and, it is said, could do everything with a plane but take it apart and reassemble it while flying. Today he holds a transport license and an "A" instrument rating (he was the first Canadian pilot to pass instrument-flying tests). He refuses to tolerate careless flying by his pilots. Once he fired a top pilot for taking off in the face of an oncoming plane.

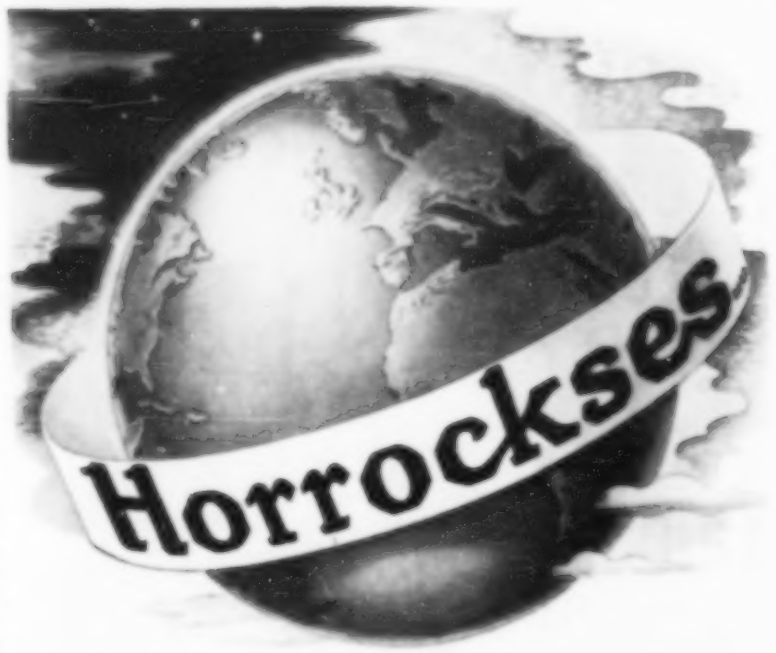
Bush piloting with a dilapidated plane and little or no capital taught McConachie how to give a dollar the three-way stretch. He still watches costs and spends 70% of his six-a-day conferences discussing ways and means of paring expenses. Last year CPA's operating revenue increased 2.9%, while its operating expenses decreased 6.1%. McConachie says this is a result of paying attention to detail, and insisting on things like personally authorizing the hiring of every new CPA employee.

"An employee is like a piece of equipment," he says. "Before you fork out $20,000, you want to know what you're getting and whether you really need it." According to McConachie the average wage of CPA employees is $250 a month (average age: 32). Pilots get up to $1,000 a month. McConachie won't say what his own salary is because, he says, the CPR doesn't like the earnings of its executives to be known. (Best estimate: around $20,000 to $25,000.)

McConachie believes in a minimum of paper work, red tape and memos. In the last year he has whittled down his staff from 1,103 employees to 891.

Financially, at least, this has paid off. Last year the airline lost only $193,645 compared with its 1947 deficit of $584,266. To date CPA has cost the CPR $11 millions, but McConachie confidently expects the airline to be making money in three years. Rival TCA officials laugh at this, anticipate million-dollar losses for CPA on the trans-Pacific route. TCA, with 5,084 employees, lost $2,933,240 last year, expects to go on losing for some years.

McConachie still flies himself, puts in more than 200 hours a year at the



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BRITISH RAILWAYS

You can tell at a touch ---- it's a PREMIER

Yes, you can tell at a touch because Premier and only Premier has **super-suction—super-cleaning action.** The motor is "cradled-in-rubber" for "feather touch" cleaning. Try a Premier just once—watch the dirt dance right out of the base of your carpet—see how easily the new Premier makes drapes, upholstering and rugs look cleaner, brighter than ever before. There's new power—new suction—a new "feather touch" and it's all yours in the new Premier.

The New Upright Premier—your kind of cleaner if you've a great many rugs and carpets. It is easily and quickly adjustable for above the floor cleaning, too, thanks to a complete set of attachments including Premier floor polisher.

AND

The New Cylinder Premier. Just right for all purpose cleaning. Does a top job on rugs and double duty as a thoroughly efficient above the floor cleaner. The cleaning set of attachments includes Premier sprayer.

FREE! Send for the handy Premier booklet—
Premier Household Hints,
Dept. 6 A,
18 Breadalbane Street,
Toronto, Ont.

controls, checks new CPA plane types. Once a year he air-tours all CPA stations and routes in his personal plane, a sleek, $200,000, twin-engined Lockheed Lodestar which is furnished in lounge fashion and can accommodate 12 people. He usually makes take-offs and landings himself because he feels they are his weak points. A co-pilot does most of the straight flying on long hops while McConachie rests on a couch in the lounge wearing headphones and watching a special set of dials. These allow him to check the course, get weather reports without getting up.

He flies more than 100,000 miles a year and his airman's background affects even his traveling: he has his packing so planned that his bag, either for a day or a week, weighs exactly the regulation 40 pounds.

Flying a Desk on Schedule

On the ground McConachie drives a 1941 Cadillac, but usually takes the Canadian National train from his Mount Royal home to Central Station. Then he walks across to his big, gloomy, sooty-feeling office in the CPR's Windsor Station. The only cheerful and arresting thing in the office is Grant McConachie.

For airline-president McConachie a typical day begins at 7.45 with a hearty breakfast. He arrives at his office at exactly 9.15, reads his mail, dictates to secretary Reba Wilmer until 10.30. He likes to put his feet on his desk, often does. While talking he pulls a paper clip apart, fiddles with his gold wrist watch, and stares longingly through the window at the sky as though restless to be up there. He has two conferences before noon.

He lunches on a bowl of soup, exercises at a gym class and gets a rubdown (to keep his weight down). From 2.30 to 5 he has more conferences or appointments. Then he spends a half hour with executive assistant Dick Ryan before heading home.

He generally takes a brief case of work home, works nights in the sun-room-den of his eight-room stone house. He married nurse Margaret MacLean, a Prince Edward Islander, in Edmonton in 1935. They have two sons: Donald Grant, 10; William Stuart, 9. The McConachies entertain a lot, go dancing Saturday nights. He once read only aviation magazines but recently started reading detective mysteries before bed because he suffers from insomnia.

He belongs to a number of clubs, for business and public relations reasons as well as from choice; among them: Edmonton Golf (he doesn't play), Royal St. Lawrence Yacht, Conquistradores de Cielo (Conquerors of the Sky). He is often called on for speeches, talks in a friendly, off-the-record voice, shies from controversial subjects.

The McConachies have a seven-room summer house at Cebu Beach near Edmonton, where Mrs. McConachie and the children spend two months. McConachie gets out for an occasional week end of fishing, swimming and tennis. This year he took his first vacation since 1941—10 days in Bermuda with his wife.

He used to smoke 20 cigars a day but the doctor cut him down to four. Sometimes, when excited or nervous, he will still reach 20. His secretary interprets his mood by the number of cigars he smokes: 10 is the danger signal. At 20 his wrath is capable of shaking the northwest timbers.

George William Grant McConachie learned to fly secretly in 1929 during two years as a student at the University of Alberta. His family disapproved, wanted him to be a doctor. The McConachies lived near the airport at Edmonton where McConachie Sr., district master mechanic with the CNR, had been transferred from Hamilton, Ont. (where Grant was born in April, 1909).

No student, young Grant delivered newspapers, groceries, and fired locomotives to get money for flying. He heard the Chinese were paying $600 a month for pilots, set off for China, got as far as Vancouver where an uncle staked him to a battered $2,500 Fokker.

His first commercial flight was to fly a load of yellow-painted crows from Edmonton to Medicine Hat for a university professor. He was paid $150 even though bad weather forced him down at Hanna, about halfway, where a farmer shot the crows and collected $5 bounty each from the professor.

McConachie then had 60 hours solo, but added another 600 in the next 12 months, during which time he crashed his first Fokker and nearly lost his life; lost a second Fokker when a pilot he hired washed it out; and lost a Moth when it was seized for hangar rent.

He ended the year broke, with no equipment, and fighting mad. He talked mine owner Barney Phillips into staking him to another Fokker and a fish broker into a contract for a million pounds of fish which he flew out in 255 hours in 160 days.

After that, McConachie flew everything from miners and trappers to sawmills and prefabricated houses into the north. He learned to pull round-trip loads out of a hat and his airline survived. He pushed farther and farther north, began building small primitive airfields (one was built by one man with one horse).

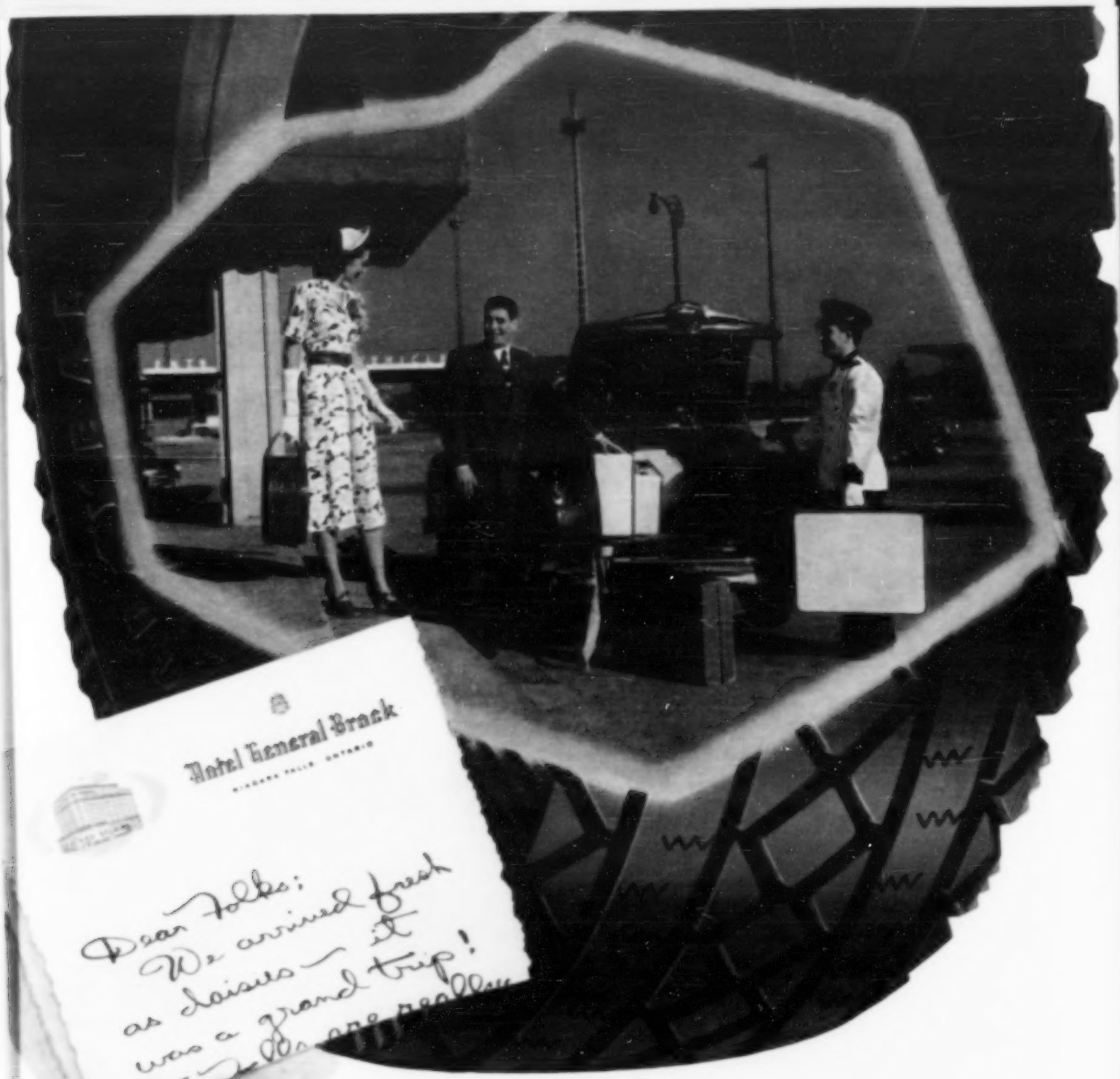
In 1936 he set a record for the number of Indians to be carried in a trimotored Ford. When two trappers raided the Hudson's Bay Post at Fort Nelson for $60,000 in furs and were caught, virtually all, it is said, of the Indians remaining in the northwest corner of America were brought 400 miles to Prince George for the trial. McConachie got the job of hauling them and all spring and summer packed Indians into the great thunderbird till its sides bulged. His bill to the government: $100,000.

The same year McConachie flew the first plane to reach Whitehorse, N.W.T., from inland, although others had flown in from the coast. He also flew the first passenger, freight and air-mail flights between Edmonton and Whitehorse and Vancouver and Whitehorse.

In 1945 McConachie was awarded the McKee Trans-Canada Trophy for outstanding service to Canadian aviation. Announcing the award, Air Minister Colin Gibson said of CPA's president: "Through his exploration and pioneering of Canada's northwest, both the Alaska Highway and the Canol project were brought to an earlier successful completion than otherwise would have been possible . . . and the delivery of much-needed aircraft and supplies to Russia was greatly speeded up . . ."

Today, at 40, Grant McConachie is once more the centre of controversy in the airline business, and once more he is defying the opinions of the so-called aviation experts. His stubborn determination to make Canada's first trans-Pacific plane services a practical, paying success, makes the experts laugh, but it may well make his seven-year-old Canadian Pacific Airlines one of the world's greatest.

"I always make it a point," says Grant McConachie, "to have the last laugh." ★



For the smoothest, softest, safest ride you've ever enjoyed . . . insist on Super Cushions by Goodyear. They'll make your present car ride like new!

They're the best of the new tires for *super* comfort . . . *super* safety . . . *super* mileage.

That's why they're standard or optional equipment on practically all new cars.

And for perfect peace of mind—get LifeGuard Safety Tubes, too!

They make any blowout harmless! See your Goodyear dealer . . . soon.

Super cushion

by GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

PONTIAC

Mighty Pretty and Mighty Good!

Few people can take a good look at the 1949 Pontiac without wanting to own one — for here is the most beautiful automobile that ever graced a curb or rolled over a highway.

And, fine as Pontiac looks, it's *one* car that's even *better* than it *looks*. Its performance is simply wonderful. It behaves and handles like a million dollars. It is superbly comfortable. It is rugged, dependable and long-lived. It is economical to operate *and* to maintain. And you can have famous GM Hydra-Matic Drive*!

And the climax of the whole Pontiac story is *price!* For Pontiac, acknowledged as the finest car in the low-price field, is priced 'way, 'way down!

Among the four series of great new Pontiacs — the Fleetleader Special, Fleetleader DeLuxe, Chieftain and Streamliner — you'll find *your* favorite for '49 . . . a car that's not only *mighty pretty*, but also *mighty good!*

*Optional at extra cost on all Chieftain and Streamliner models.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Last Stop Before Paradise

Continued from page 23

their jalopies into Chevroletа, and sooner or later run for councilor.

That's an idea, if you have any liking for dignitary office. Think how much better your chances are of becoming mayor, even, in a town the size of Bridgetown.

Of course you won't need the income here that you'd need in a city. Places to rent (average, around $35 a month) are almost nonexistent; but $4,000 will probably find you a house which in the city would cost you six.

Electricity will run you around $1.50 a month; phone, $2.50; water, $10 a year for the first tap, $1 for each additional; wood, $15 a cord for hardwood, $5 a truckload for soft; taxes, $1.87 per $100 assessment; and anything that grows may be had from the local farmers field-fresh and cheap. Meat and fish are also comparatively cheap (average meat, 45c a pound; fish, 30c) and fresh—the meat sometimes only a few hours out of a neighbor's steer, and the fish as recently out of the nearby Atlantic Ocean.

If it's your children you're chiefly concerned about, rest easy. Our high school has turned out three Rhodes scholars; and a family doctor who has amputated the gangrenous leg of an 86-year-old man at the hip with complete success should be able to look after their health—and yours.

The high-school alumni list includes everything from a professor of physics at Dalhousie (Will Archibald) to a research chemist at Swift's (Jack Weare)—not to mention the lady who turned up again some years ago in a Rolls-Royce (Mrs. Minnie Ryder). (Incidentally, what is it that brings the successful ones back again so often, later still, to live?)

And now what about amusement and the good life? There is no legitimate theatre (though The Strand runs the latest movies). There is no public library (though Mrs. Thomas Beattie's small private one carries some of the best fiction and I was able to borrow Elizabeth Bowen's "The Heat of the Day" from a garage mechanic). There are no exhibitions of professional sport (though maybe a proprietary interest in the local hockey or baseball team will make up for that).

But that's not to say we're completely out of touch with the cosmopolitan world; it's just that you'll find your aesthetic buddies in unconventional places. You'll hear first-rate Debussy being played in the living quarters over Lewis' stationery store.

And please don't come with any idea of patronizing us. I am reminded of the day a rich Yankee pushed himself in front of a quiet gentleman giving his order to the grocer. It sounds apocryphal, but it passes for fact. "Mac," he said jovially (he called everyone Mac), "would you mind if I got mine first? I'll name you in my will." "But," replied the quiet gent, who would never think of remembering on any other occasion that his forebears had landed at Annapolis straight from a duchy, "how *could* you name someone you will never meet?"

If your interests are more active than contemplative you can curl ($15 a season); skate ($3.50); play golf ($25 a year, and $100 investment in the club); tennis ($4); or badminton ($3.50). And you can swim in a lake; shoot a deer (or pheasant or rabbit or partridge or maybe a bear); trap a fox; see a moose; catch a trout; trawl a cod; or pick a mayflower; half an hour from your door.

If you like more sophisticated entertainment there is usually a chance with someone to go swimming in the heated pool of the palatial Pines Hotel at Digby; to attend a formal dance at the Cornwallis Inn in Kentville or the airport at Greenwood; to hear Szigeti, say, in a concert of the Acadia University series at Wolfville; to take in the Ice Cycles at Halifax, or the International Tuna Tournament at Wedgeport.

If you have any antiquarian interests the environs are crawling with history: The Habitation at Granville, Bloody Creek, Port Royal itself, Grand Pre . . .

A parenthesis in passing. Warn Alice that she's not coming into anything like the sophistication of a city. That's not to say there are no broad and well-stocked minds and graces to be found, though. I can point out to her an unobtrusive lady who can discuss anything from smoked Gruyere cheeses to Jean-Paul Sartre, and whose graciousness is so relaxed you may not realize until after you've got home that it was *she* who terminated the call. Warn her also that she'll have to go through much soul-searching to decide whether she's NaWagWee material, say, or Wednite Bridge Club, Junior Guild or Senior Guild; and that she'll need great reserves of diplomatic finesse for those curious situations you get sometimes when personnel of one calcified stratum make junction, by overlapping of clubs, with those of another.

You may be only mildly enchanted by our organized "do's"—but that still leaves casual diversions which are always with us. There is a peculiar and infinite variety of them. The pause at the blacksmith shop to watch the rodeo of shoeing a roped horse, or to savor the classic retail credit report on an overunctuous passer-by . . . speculation on where the doctor's car is going . . . attendance at auctions, exhibitions, or the erection of the town's Christmas tree . . . the sharing of the news of latest birth, wedding, death, fortune, or misfortune . . .

These things may seem petty or indecently prying, but fundamentally most of them are not. It's as if you're in a constant atmosphere of theatre, where you know all the actors just intimately enough.

We have what are known as town characters, of course—the horse trader who traffics in anything from a nanny goat to a talking crow; our own Sadie Thompsons and Hester Prynnes; our Mrs. Throckmorton; the carpenter, innocent of arithmetic, who when asked for an estimate once, penciled furiously, and said: "Ought times ought is oughty-ought, five from three you can't take, oh heck, I'll do it for 10 dollars" . . . But the real point is that *everyone* is a character.

I mean, all of us are anonymous outside a 30-mile limit but within the town each has an identity you never achieve in the city. To sample humanity you have only to examine a remarkably small cross section of it; and Bridgetown, with its 1,200 souls, seems to be a community of just the right size to include representation of all types without the predominance of any.

All in all, despite our frequent little pomposities, oversteriousness about ourselves, and petty frictions, we're a pretty kindly, intelligent, and fraternal bunch.

And in case you're at all sentimental, if you die here people you never knew gave you a thought will fill up at your funeral. They'll talk about you for at least a fortnight afterward. And I guess that's about as near immortality as anyone can achieve nowadays.

Be seeing you, eh?

Sincerely,

Al. ★

Remember—these are exclusive La-Z-Boy features—

- self-adjusting and automatic
- stays put at any comfort angle you choose
- seat comes forward as the back reclines
- many styles to choose from
- Duo-Spring construction throughout

For descriptive folder, write Dept. 302

DE LUXE UPHOLSTERING COMPANY LIMITED

143-7

Come-See your good neighbor

Ontario

CANADA'S VACATION PROVINCE

You'll find a welcome in Ontario - where there's summer fun for everyone in the family. 52 vacation areas are filled with sunshine, clear sparkling lakes and pine-fragrant forests. There's so much to do...so much to see! You can bask in the warm friendly sunshine, swim, sail, fish. There's golf, tennis, riding...you can name your sport in Ontario! And there are wonderful places to stay---at reasonable prices. Everything from luxurious resorts to quaint, friendly wayside places are waiting for you. This year, for a vacation you'll always remember, come to Ontario.

Ontario Travel,
T.14, Parliament Bldgs., Toronto, Ontario.
Please send me free information about Ontario.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

Quickly Sells to Four Publications

"I received a check from the Wheeler Syndicate, Montreal, for a short story. Also, lately, the Farmer's Advocate (London, Ont.), the Family Herald (Montreal) accepted articles on women's activities, and I have contributed a number of articles on farming activities in Alberta to the Farmer's Magazine, Toronto."—Mrs. Albert E. Canfield, Hilton Beach, Ontario, Canada

How do you KNOW *you can't* WRITE?

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be interns. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

***Learn to write* by writing**

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on homemaking, fashions, travel, local and club activities, hobbies, decorating, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

A chance to test yourself FREE!

Our unique Writing Aptitude Test tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful Writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it, without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., U.S.A. *(Founded 1925)*

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Free

Newspaper Institute of America
One Park Ave., New York 16
N.Y., U.S.A.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit, as promised in Maclean's, June 1st.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 2-H-503

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I Work for Myself

Continued from page 19

I didn't dislike any of my bosses personally. In fact I thought some were great guys. I simply dislike the idea of having a boss.

When I worked for someone else I used to be reluctant to start work and glad to finish. Now I start at 7.30 every morning and actually enjoy working late at night, providing I know it's going to pay off.

Being free, of course, has its worries. Sometimes they seem to form a blank wall in front of me and I feel like staying in bed instead of getting up. I could pretend to be ill and turn away from my responsibilities. There's no boss to howl me out or fire me. I can't afford to be lazy.

I'm glad that I have worked for others. It taught me to see things on both sides of the fence. I've realized, for example, that when you have men working for you you have to be meticulous about money—theirs too.

The boss in the bowling alley where I worked as a kid was slipshod. I put up pins alongside a pal and we got paid according to the number of games we handled. The boss was always getting the earnings of my pal and myself mixed up. The only thing he was sure of was that he never lost.

Working for the hardware store taught me a lot. I admired its big-firm efficiency and in my own way try to imitate some of its methods. I was particularly impressed by one of the managers. He was a wizard at designing show cards. They were original, unusual and attractive. It was these which gave me ideas about advertising. Now my "2 Lazy Veterans" ad sticks out from all the others in the "Moving, Cartage and Storage" column, and I know it has put my business on its feet.

The Ad Was a Joke—at First

When I started out on my own with $800 three years ago to form Simpson's Cartage, I made a down payment on a new 1945 Maple Leaf truck and went into debt for $1,600 on the balance. I rounded up some jobs and had the truck paid for within six months.

Then Wally Cooper came back from overseas and we went into partnership. I thought up the "2 Lazy Veterans" ad one night as a joke. Then I took the joke seriously and decided to run it. It's appeared ever since.

I get letters from all over Canada asking how the ad works. Some of them come from advertising people and some from other fellows starting up in the cartage business. Lately another Toronto carter, a competitor of ours, has begun to advertise himself as a "lazy veteran."

I don't overlook any advertising chances and also run more conventional ads in the daily papers, trade journals and church papers.

Cooper and I got so much business out of our advertising that within a year we owned four trucks. Two trucks were steadily contracted to a paper box company. The other two moved furniture and machinery. My first brother Jack came in as a partner. Things were running smoothly with the three of us bearing down and sometimes not finishing until 11 at night. But everyone in this world has his own ideas of how a job should be done.

I soon found that Wally and Jack preferred contract work because it provided steady returns, whereas furniture and machinery moving was erratic. They complained we either had more furniture jobs than we could handle or none at all. This was sometimes true, but I believed the furniture business had more possibilities and I had learned to specialize in shifting heavy machinery.

One evening about a year ago the three of us discussed the matter carefully. We decided it would be better if we separated and each did the job he liked best. Wally and Jack went off together to concentrate on contract work.

I took my youngest brother Ronald into my outfit and began to campaign for furniture and machinery business. Soon I had to hire a couple of veterans to move the furniture while Ronald and I stuck to machinery. Then I was offered a tempting contract moving bales of cardboard for a beer carton company. This meant hiring two more veterans. They are still on this job.

Drivers Are Special Guys

Now I'm beginning to streamline my little business. I've split Simpson's Cartage into three sections. One veteran, Ken Freil, and myself do all the heavy machinery moving with a 1937 six-ton White truck equipped with power winches. The contract job is done by veterans Jerome Groh and Jack Sheehan with a five-ton International platform truck. The fourth veteran, Stanley Carter, and my brother Ronald now do the general cartage and furniture moving with a 1932 Chevrolet furniture van and a 1938 International light van for things like baggage and small household goods.

I do all the administrative and clerical work in between heaving presses, punches, lathes and dynamos around. My only office expenses are $49 a year to a company which keeps books and fills in tax returns for small businesses.

I've learned this business the hard way. Getting the right men around me was one big hurdle. I started paying my drivers $40 a week flat, upped this $5 a week when some customers reported careless handling of their furniture. I knew that furniture moving was tough and monotonous.

A lot of people who call us up, intrigued by our ad, get all whimsical on the telephone. The snag is they expect us always to be in the same mood. One day a couple rang up and wanted their stuff moved. I sent up a couple of boys. Nine hours later the truck still hadn't come back. I had lost several other jobs through its absence. Finally I checked up. The boys hadn't moved a stick of furniture or turned a wheel since reaching the house. They had been received with hoots of joy by the couple, told to sit down, given a drink, and got talking about the war. It was apparently a great party, but I thought it was lousy business. I had to act like a boss and let them go.

I can't damage my independence by letting my boys have high jinks. The "2 Lazy Veterans" ad might sound devil-may-care but the man behind it is in dead earnest.

Sometimes, I know, my drivers sit around too long yarning in coffee shops. I could hardly blame them; I remembered how it was when I earned a wage. I decided that they needed responsibility to keep them keen. I put Simpson's Cartage on a different financial basis, and, in effect, I put each of my boys into his own business.

The contracting and furniture boys now rent their trucks from me for a set sum per week. They pay for their own gas, running repairs and advertising. I pay for their licenses, insurance and new parts. They get the services of my office such as telephone, letter writing, sending out bills and estimates, and filling up work sheets.

Take the family on a
C.S.L. CRUISE

. . . where hot clear sun is tempered by cooling winds; where a keen appetite and deep, refreshing sleep restore your vitality and spark your interest in shipboard activities. You'll enjoy complete relaxation, the ever-changing scene, the fun-filled trips ashore.

For literature and reservations

CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

715 Victoria Square — Montreal
21 Richmond St. W. — Toronto
211 Portage Ave. — Winnipeg
130 Sparks St. — Ottawa

Earn A HIGHER SALARY

Train Yourself in Modern Executive Technique

Send for booklet explaining how

Men and women who want to secure a real mastery of modern management techniques are invited to send for this 42-page Introduction to the Funk & Wagnalls Reading Course in Executive Technique.

One commentator on the Course said: "The kind of information given in this Course will put any man in line for promotion — will give any man an edge on competition."

Fill in the coupon below NOW

UNIVERSAL TRAINING INSTITUTE
Dept. MI
51 Rochampton Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario
Please send me INTRODUCTION to EXECUTIVE TECHNIQUE. I enclose 25¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... Prov .....
Position .....
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Available in Canada EXCLUSIVELY through Universal Training Institute, 51 Rochampton Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario.

GOOGIE WITHERS

She Solved The Housework Problem In A Lavender Negligee

Never mind the high comedy, the situation is dangerous.

★ ★ ★

Next to getting a house, the great unsolved problem of civilization today is looking after a house. In two new films, the kitchen-sink crisis is met far too smartly. In THE WEAKER SEX, a harried housewife gets aid and comfort from a Navy brass-hat who does the work.

★ ★ ★

In ONCE UPON A DREAM, Googie Withers lives in a dream house; wears lovely clothes night and day; hates housework. A handsome young character thereupon walks in, takes over and runs the place like a charm. All this is done strictly for laughs. But should this foolish idea of domesticating male citizens become the basis of a fad instead of a farce, the thing could be serious.

★ ★ ★

In the cinema trades, a sleeper is a real success which sneaks in unexpectedly. Such a one indeed is FLOODTIDE. Among other attractions, FLOODTIDE unveils some of the new tricks in film production on which the British industry has been working secretly for five years. One to watch for is the cameo close-up.

★ ★ ★

FLOODTIDE is Scottish, both in fact and in flavor; a romance on the Clyde. The period in which it is set is this week.

★ ★ ★

In particular, the cast includes four young players whose names may mean little to most people now but that will no longer hold true once the picture has been seen.

★ ★ ★

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An EAGLE-LION Release

To show how they make out, here are the figures for one below-average week taken at random from my records. This week two men with a truck put in a bare 40 hours work. The tariff, agreed to by the Toronto Carters' Association (of which I am a member) and okayed by the Toronto Police Commission, was $3 an hour for the truck and driver and $1.25 for the driver's helper. Therefore their total take was $170.

Expenses were:	
Gas and oil	$10.80
Advertising	38.25
Reserve for repairs	5.00
To Simpson Cartage for use of truck	35.00
Total	$89.05

This leaves a balance of roughly $40 for each man. Some weeks they make a lot more. The average is about $50 a week—not bad for a truck driver. The harder they work the more they earn. The more they care for the truck and the more economical they are on gas and oil the more they have left for themselves.

What's in the future? Well, I make no secret about my ambition to become a big-time operator, but progress has to be steady and solid. First of all, I hope soon to get another truck and find work for two more "lazy veterans." A little later I hope to rent my own garage so we can service our trucks without freezing our fingers off on the lot. And I've got to have a proper office and let mom get her furniture back into the front room.

And then? Well I've got a girl. I want to marry her and buy our own new house in a nice clean district.

Simpson's Cartage has an awful long haul ahead of it yet. But with my boys keeping up the swell job they are doing now I figure we shall make pretty good time. And, best of all, I'm on my own. ★

The Choice

Continued from page 10

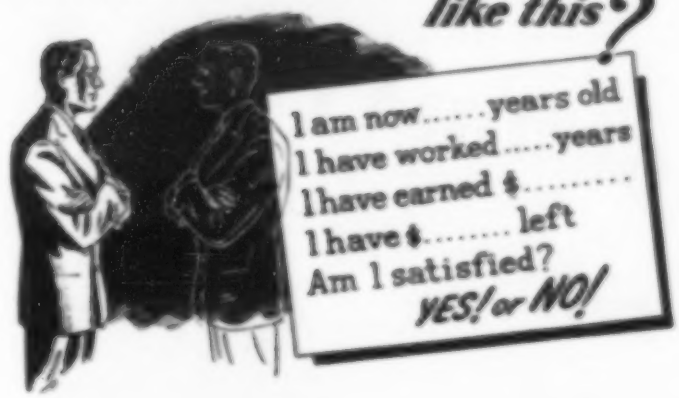
seemed to be nearly over, must still be on, he thought. Maybe he hadn't been here long. But because it was light now at least one night. He had no way of knowing.

Now, in a sudden frenzy, his arms working to brisk short motions from the elbows down as they lay along his side, he explored the wardroom flats. The deck below was tilted steeply. He manoeuvred his way through the opening leading out of the wardroom to the galley and officers' cabins. It was darker there, the water changing from grey-green to a deep blackish grey. The effort of moving tired him. On the left the heavy twisted steel cut off the way to one of the cabins. On the right the way seemed clear but the water was black, no light. He moved to the galley door and pushed his feet down gently until they touched the deck. Then . . . a movement . . . a man! His feet shoved hard and he hit the narrow doorway on both sides getting back into the wardroom, and there he waited, conscious of the rapid pounding within him, but there was no further movement.

Slowly Giles moved down and held aside the sub-lieutenant's foot and looked into the galley and saw that the body of the leading steward was swaying gently just inside the doorway where he had been. The steward's clothing was caught on something behind him.

The last five or six months had

Have you ever talked to yourself—*like this?*



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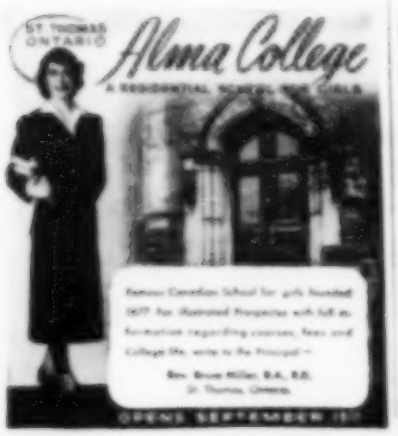


been had for him, as was usual in winter. Even in school, near the shack in the red dunes along Northumberland Straits where he was born, he was always smart in the first month or two of each school year and then a lassitude settled over him. Each year had been the same—the months of October, November, December, January, February and part of March had been wasted. At his home, where he had no mother that he could remember, his father slept through most of these months, rousing himself occasionally to send Giles out for food.

One year, when he was a very small boy and his grandfather had been living, he remembered that his grandfather did not move from his room for these five months and that his father moved only slightly, and Giles only more than that—enough to drag himself to school occasionally, although at school the teacher once told him he'd missed two days when Giles was sure that he had not missed a day; that he had gone to sleep one night and had wakened the following morning. "You must hibernate, Giles," she had said acidly. Everybody in the school laughed at that.

In his life he had known only enough to recognize the rhythm of his activity through seven months of the year, his lassitude through the other five. No more.

HE WAS hungry. He reached to the galley counter for a tin of corned beef and opened it with his knife. He soon got onto the trick of eating. It meant closing his mouth firmly and squeezing out all the moisture, then swallowing. He looked into the galley again. There were only a few tins of food. He speculated idly on the chances of catching fish.

The deckhead vibrated hollowly again. Another depth charge. Afterward Giles remembered that as the last time he heard a depth charge.

IN OTTAWA, on the day Germany surrendered, the commodore accompanied the admiral to the radio station where heads of the Canadian Navy, Army and Air Force made brief speeches on the victory of the Allies.

At a party afterwards, his captain detached himself from the company of two commanders and their wives and came over to him.

"Flag Officer Newfoundland signaled to say that a submarine has surrendered at Bay Bulls, sir," he said. "The U-198. The captain told them, sir, that his submarine had sunk a ship off Sambro light on April 29."

"The Oxbow," the commodore said.

The captain paused a second. "Public relations are after her, sir," he said.

The commodore grunted and waited.

"They want to bring her over with a prize crew and let the public aboard her at several ports along the coast."

The commodore sipped a pink gin.

"Let them have her if they want," the commodore said. "They'd probably go to the minister anyway."

"Yes, sir," the captain said.

DEEP in the sunken Oxbow Giles had no way of telling time, but his instinct told him that he had been there about three weeks when his eyesight, which had been good enough, began to get better. He wasn't sure if his eyes had changed or if he was just getting used to the scanty shaded light.

Once, when he judged it to be night, a long grey shape which glowed phosphorescently at two places in its body moved in and around the galley and wardroom, and then nosed up to within a few inches of Giles and hung there motionless for a full minute before it turned off through the doorway into the wardroom flats and disappeared. Small schools of normally shaped fish swam through often, and these Giles speared when he could and ate. The movement was not as hard on him now and he was seldom short of breath.

The odd thing was that Giles, although he occasionally was afraid, hadn't a single moment of panic. At first he was afraid that he would fall unconscious again from the cold, but instead as the time wore on he ceased to notice it. He could feel no sensation at all, neither of heat nor cold, when he moved his hand through the water. Once, when he moved swiftly to his corner to watch a giant squid roam the wardroom floor, he found that his leather jacket hampered his movements so he removed it and it floated softly downward and the squid struck at it and then oozed rapidly out of sight into the wardroom flats.

That was the day Giles began to have hope again about getting out. He noticed that the squid had taken the same route out that he had come in—through the wardroom flats; that was the same route the fish with the luminous inner organs had taken.

GILES had explored that route in the first frenzy of being trapped, but after that he had been afraid. He was neither as sinuous nor as well-armored (although he'd noticed his skin was hardening) as most fish and he was afraid of catching himself somewhere away from food and being unable to get loose. He was also afraid of tearing his flesh on any of the jagged, swordlike, stemlike, needlelike, sawlike projections of torn metal. He thought the smell of blood might invite attack from the creatures that had so far left him free of menace.

But in considering whether he should seek a way out Giles had another problem. He believed he was no longer a man. The tiny scars on his neck were larger now and seemed lined with a stiffening membrane. What would happen if he got free and swam to the surface?

On land, above, there had been the haunting fear that he was not as other men. Despite this he had known their women, and paid their rents, and wired their houses and slept in their beds, and eaten their hot hamburger sandwiches and lived almost as a man.

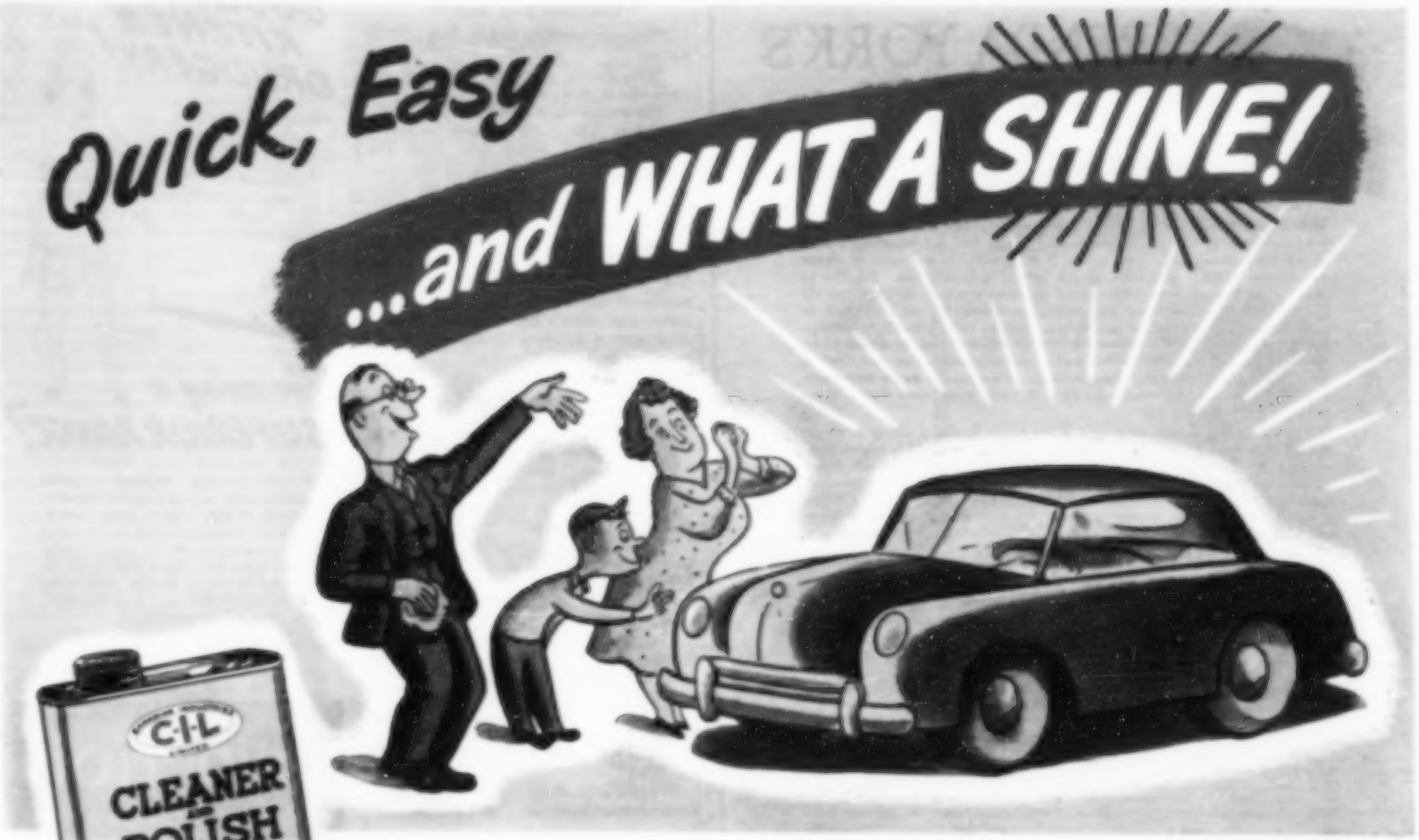
He knew little of newspapers, but he sensed that this would be a sensational kind of story—a story as of a sea serpent, except that this one could be proved.

Giles knew little of science, but he knew this also would interest the men who were interested in men and fish and animals. They would probe over him, and perhaps his sight would gradually return to what it had been and perhaps his gills would lessen again to what they had been—small moist flaps which appeared from the outside like scars. He winced as he thought of the terrible blinding flashing pain of that first few minutes under water, and wondered if it would come again when he reached the surface.

Giles held his knife close beside him and pondered whether to become a man again, or to remain under the sea; or whether to remain under the sea forever, or to return to man.

ON THE 24th of May, the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, the commodore left the governor-general's garden party early because he was bored. But naval headquarters was quiet and after glancing aimlessly at his desk the commodore marched back to the door and limply returned the still salute of the seaman sentry.

Continued on page 54



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HELLO NEIGHBOURS: May I ask you to do me a favour? All the bridal doings in the papers these days have had me puzzling how I could send along my "best wishes" to every "Miss" who is about to become "Mrs." and take up the job of homemaking. I'd like to share with her our wonderful array of prize-winning recipes and I'd like to tell her, too, that our dietitians would be very pleased to help her with her cooking problems. To do this, I need your help. So, if you have a newly-married friend or relative—or an about-to-be—won't you please enclose her name and address when you send in your entry to the contest? Just write it on a *separate* paper and mark it "BRIDE"—so we won't confuse it with your own name when reading your letters.

Without taking a poll of people's favourite foods, I think it's safe to say that cheese would be *near* the top of the list. This appetizing, nourishing food is right at home at picnics, parties, snack fests, as well as company and family dinners. So it was no surprise to receive a grand variety of recipes for the March "Maple Leaf" Cheese contest. From these, our judges chose a dish that rated raves from one and all. We're sure you'll agree, and join us in many thanks and

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"MAPLE LEAF" CANADIAN CHEESE-PINEAPPLE PIE

⅔ cup fine, dried bread crumbs
⅓ cup melted Margene
⅓ cup sugar
2 eggs
3 tablespoons flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¾ teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup table cream
½ lb. package "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese, grated (easiest to do when thoroughly chilled)

Method: Mix crumbs with Margene and ⅓ cup of the sugar. Pack on the bottom and sides of a greased 8-inch pie plate. Beat the eggs until thick, add the remaining ⅓ cup of sugar gradually, beating after each addition. Add the flour, salt, lemon juice and rind, the cream and the "Maple Leaf" Canadian Cheese. Mix thoroughly. Pour into the crumb-lined pie plate. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) for about 30 minutes (or until the mixture will not adhere to the point of a knife inserted in the centre). Remove from oven. When cool, spread with:

PINEAPPLE TOPPING (optional)

3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup sweetened crushed pineapple

Blend sugar and cornstarch in a saucepan. Stir in pineapple, and cook over moderate heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Cover and cook for 10 minutes longer. Cool. Serves six.

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER ANOTHER $100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe or idea for serving **KLIK** or **KAM**.

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CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! To each family who writes, Canada Packers will send a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for a 12-ounce tin of either KLIK or KAM.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize, but we promise only one Voucher per family. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the $100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize, as well as the Free Voucher, your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, June 30th, 1949. Winner of the First Prize will be announced in my September magazine column. It could be YOU!

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2200 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

TOAST BOATS are a handy quick-by-steam for a party. Just brush thin, crustless bread slices, with Margene. Fit them into muffin or tart tins. Bake until brown. Remove and fill with creamed mushrooms, chicken, salmon or whatever your little heart fancies.

DISCOVERY DEPT.: Best thing yet for opening those pesky vacuum-sealed jars is a screwdriver. Don't let the man of the house catch you—buy your own!

TINKLE-TINKLE goes Junior with a tiny bell laced into his moc shoe. When the bell is silent, come a-runnin' Mama—likely there's mischief a-foot.

A PRETTY TABLE is a "must" at bridal parties. Buy inexpensive crash. Cut into a cloth and serviettes. Machine-stitch a thread about 1" in from each edge and then fringe. I admired one dyed a soft grey with half the serviettes in pink. Pussywillows and carnations centred the table and the cake was iced in pink with silver balls. An idea for you?

Time once more to sign off, so let me remind you to mail your entry not later than midnight, June 30th, 1949. And don't forget to enclose a new-bride's name! I'll be looking forward to hearing from you. Cheerio!

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, Brenda York

Continued from page 32

"Anyone working today, Briggs?" he asked.

"The public relations officer is the only one in now, sir."

The commodore stood a few seconds, thinking. The U-198 crossed his mind, the submarine which had sunk the Oxbow, the last ship loss of the war. The sub had been in five or six ports now and the public had filed aboard and ashore and a guard had to be posted every six feet or the sods would tear the very plates off her as souvenirs. The Navy had retained two other surrendered submarines for training purposes and didn't need U-198. Sometime soon a decision would have to be made as to her disposition.

Steps clicked along the corridor behind him. The public relations officer turned a corner, halted in surprise, and saluted sloppily, as all public relations officers saluted.

"Trevelyan," the commodore said.

"Sir," said Trevelyan.

"When are your people going to be finished with U-198?"

"I was going to come down and see you tomorrow about it, sir."

"Come in now." He turned and walked back to his office, the commander following.

The commodore sat down. The commander closed the door and stood at attention in front of the desk.

"Well?" said the commodore.

"We have been wondering if the U-198 is to be declared surplus, sir."

The commodore blinked. "Perhaps so. Why?"

"I have been thinking that she might be used in a Dominion Day celebration, sir."

The commodore looked up and noted the commander's excitement. Public relations officers always got excited. If they didn't, the commodore reflected, the poor sods would go mad, dealing with civilians and writers all the time.

The commander's words came fast now, in his excitement.

"We could make her part of a Dominion Day celebration off Halifax, sir. Perhaps we could strip any valuable equipment off her and tow her out off the Sambro lightship, where the Oxbow was sunk, and let the Navy sink her there."

The commodore listened, impassively. This foul was still fighting that war.

"There would be an element of retribution, sir, in sinking her where the Oxbow had been sunk."

The commodore again was inscrutable. This would have to go to the minister, and if the minister approved the sod would probably want to ring in the Air Force, because all services were under the one minister. But it would be one way of getting rid of this submarine, which otherwise would clutter up some bone yard and would require a guard.

"Make a recommendation to that effect and I'll pass it on."

The commander saluted, wheeled clumsily, and marched out the door.

GILES' decision to seek a way out of the Oxbow came suddenly. It came without a decision as to what use he would make of this way out, if he found one.

He took the knife from his belt and flipped his forearms sharply and kicked sideways and guided himself down to the door in the wardroom flats.

He held the doorway with both hands and pulled himself through. In the cabin to his left, where he had moved both bodies to facilitate foraging in the galley, he could see the boot of the sub-lieutenant swaying gently in the movement of the water.

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Toronto, Ontario

A dogfish appeared in the cabin doorway.

It was more than three feet long and it hung in the doorway menacingly, its blunt snout half-turned to expose the small mean mouth. The strong sharp spines near its dorsal fins were upraised.

Giles seized a mop handle floating against the ceiling and held it ready.

In front of him was a jammed metal door. The deckhead above had buckled against it. Gradually Giles worked himself around to the right between the downward projection of the deckhead and the twisted companionway and felt his way up a few feet and confirmed what he had found the first time—that the opening at the top of the companionway had been blasted inward until it was an irregular slit no more than six inches wide at the widest part.

The steel wall of the wardroom flats slanted toward him, pressing down toward him, and in sudden terror he wheeled with his hand on his knife but there was nothing there. He controlled himself with an effort. The lean readiness of the dogfish had done what the other fearsome citizens of the ocean floor had failed to do. He was terrified, and kept watching to right and left, and behind him—and finally the full terror came again and he whirled and churned the water and scuttled half-swimming and half-pushing with his feet and hands back to the safety of the wardroom and hung in his safe corner with the steel walls around him and trembled.

In a few minutes he began to think calmly again.

There had been no way out that he could see. But the only place he could not see was where the bulkhead had buckled in slantingly on the wardroom flats. If there was a way out it must be to feel his way along that slanting steel wall to where it joined the deck and seek for openings there.

HE STARTED for the wardroom doorway again, then remembered that he would have to go past the cabin and the dogfish if it was still there. He paused, and then moved one of the wardroom chairs down from the ceiling and held it in front of him and approached the door again.

The dogfish was waiting. Giles held the chair between him and the dogfish and when he was close enough jabbed out suddenly with the chair. The dogfish struck tentatively, then retreated into the cabin. Giles jammed the chair in the wardroom doorway so that now he had a defense weapon on each side of the cabin door. The fish's retreat had helped his morale. He moved his hands swiftly at his sides and in a few seconds was back facing the murky black surface of the leaning wall.

He considered for a minute then, and reached back for the mop handle. He would probe the blackness before exposing himself to whatever might be lurking in that sharp angle. He pushed the mop handle in, and met steel below and ahead and above. Slowly he worked along the eight feet of wall and had covered three quarters of the distance before his mop handle met emptiness. He waved it around to try to determine the extent of the opening. Then he followed the mop handle slowly, bending and swimming with his feet, at the rear, higher than his head, at the fore. For one swift instant he felt terror again and mastered it. Then he was at the hole and felt around with his hands. Not more than a foot at its widest point. Slowly he turned back and swam through the wardroom flats. The dogfish hung in the doorway of the cabin again, but Giles ignored it. In the wardroom he returned again to his corner and hung there, pondering sluggishly his entrapment. Then for the first time, when he was certain there was no way out, he had an active desire for freedom.

THE commodore stood on the bridge of a tribal-class destroyer nearly two miles from Giles and watched through his glasses as the high-nosed tug, Tenacious, towed U-198 at three knots over the calm sea.

The destroyer captain, beside him, spoke to a signalman. "Make a signal to all ships to stand by until the submarine is in position."

"Aye, sir."

A squadron of coastal-command bombers loafed overhead, buzzed down on the tug, and circled widely as the Tenacious suddenly spurted ahead, leaving the submarine sitting in precisely the position the Oxbow had signaled as she was sunk.

The captain gave orders for the destroyers to form line astern at action stations. The gunnery officer gave the range, three thousand yards, and kept calling it less and less as the destroyers closed on the target. The captain ordered the signalman to tell the other ships to fire at will.

The lead destroyer trembled and heeled slightly with the first gunfire.

The first waterspouts rose around the submarine, some over, some short, one direct hit. From above, well out of the gunfire, the aircraft completed their first bombing run. All bombs missed by 500 yards or more and the commodore, observing this, grunted a derogatory epithet.

THE first heavy drumming of engines above didn't move Giles. Occasionally since the sinking of the Oxbow ships had passed overhead, the vibration growing greater as they approached to their closest point and then lessening as they drove away from the wreck. And anyway, what could they mean to him? A simple warship of small and homely design held no lure for divers or seekers after salvage.

It was nearly half an hour before Giles sensed that this was different. The vibrations were heavier, as of a great ship or many small ones, and they changed only slightly in density as time went on.

Giles tried to puzzle it out. Perhaps there were many ships and they were circling. His eyes roved restlessly around the wardroom and stopped at his jacket, tied by its arms to one of the chairs. He remembered the small fish he had stuffed in its pocket and for a second considered eating it.

Then the first shell hit the water overhead and sent heavy shimmering vibrations through the wreck of the Oxbow. Simultaneously the dogfish shot through the wardroom doorway and crouched in a far corner, excited and tremulous, and a small fish of the type with luminous organs dove through the small jagged hole above and hung motionless as if listening. A small school of fish darted through behind the larger fish and flicked here and there in terror as the shells rained into the water above.

As the minutes went on the proportion of larger crashes grew greater but they seemed to have no greater concussion than the others. The wardroom held dozens of fish now, one with great scales the size of silver dollars and a school of deep red fish and four with flat round bodies like porthole covers. Giles, in deep terror, held his knife ready, but he seemed to be the only one conscious of the others.

He moved his arms tentatively. He didn't move! He threshed wildly. He was caught! Then he calmed and looked behind him. A jagged spear of

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steel shaped like a hook held the back of his trousers. It took only a few seconds to work it off and then he looked around and found that he was alone. The wardroom was cocked at a greater angle but above him was a gaping hole in the steel and above that was nothing but the grey murk of water and disturbed sea bottom.

With one swift movement of his forearms he shot through the gap and then paused to look around. No sign of anything above him. He kicked again, and a long menacing snout loomed up before him, and he darted backward and the snout disappeared.

He was on deck.

The plates below his feet rattled and shook hollowly with the continued drumming of heavy engines.

I could go up right now, Giles told himself. *Ships around, I'd be picked up right away, probably.*

He slid over the side of the corvette and hung near the floor of the ocean.

And then as he stood there, the explosions abruptly ceased. An alien darkness moved above him, then slowly, slowly, as he stared transfixed, he saw a submarine sink to the ocean floor. The corvette leaped forward with a grinding crash, from the impact of the new wreck. Giles felt himself thrown violently.

Moments later he swam slowly and curiously around the submarine, peering through the murky clouds it had stirred in half burying itself in the mud of the ocean floor.

By reading the high painted signs on the conning tower one unit at a time he distinguished that she was the U-198. She was riddled with shellfire and Giles considered that there would be many bodies inside, but this thought had no effect on him one way or other.

And then he saw high above him, against the surface light, the wardroom chair with his jacket and the fish in the pocket and he was hungry. He pushed hard with his feet and soared after it like a game fish rising to a bait. But, also in the manner of many a fish going for bait, he immediately changed his mind. He shivered off slowly, puzzled with himself for a moment, trying to explain it in his own mind.

The motors rumbled closer overhead, thundering on his eardrums increasingly. He opened his mouth wide and held his hands over his ears to lessen the pressure.

AS THE lead destroyer closed on the spot where the submarine had nosed downward, a bridge lookout sang out suddenly: "Object fine on the starboard bow."

The commodore and the captain and four other officers on the bridge trained their glasses on it.

"Looks like some wreckage, sir. A chair," said the lookout.

The destroyer slowed suddenly, circled, and came alongside the object. A leading seaman reached with a boat hook and pulled it aboard. The captain shouted through his megaphone, "Bring it to the bridge."

The destroyer swung wide at top speed to take station again, and as she swung the commodore looked at the wardroom chair from the Oxbow. The captain untied the arms of Giles' leather jacket and held it up. One arm came away, the threads rotten. He clapped the pockets gingerly, then felt in one, but jerked his hand rapidly out and turned the jacket upside down. A small fish fell to the deck at their feet.

The officers and seamen silently inspected it, and one detached himself from the group to enter the incident in the log.

GILES watched the warship wheel and turn above him and reflected that going up would be dangerous now, with a ship flailing around so close. When it was gone, after a final turn, he turned curiously again to the submarine and looked in through some of the twisted lacerations in her steel sides. He saw no bodies. Another fish which glowed slightly in the grey gloom slid silently in through one of the holes and emerged through another and a school of small fish of conventional design nosed up and hung motionless for long enough that Giles speared one of them and held it tightly in its gills while it struggled and died.

Still holding the fish he swam up to the conning tower, watching carefully around him for possible attack, and found that the hatch was open. Perhaps all the crew had escaped. This pleased him slightly, as the happy ending in a movie or a story pleased him, but his pleasure was detached. He hooked one foot through a rung in the conning tower ladder to hold himself in position, and slowly began to clean the fish. He cleaned it expertly in the manner of a man, but the memory of all other fish he had cleaned and of all men he had known was dim and his thoughts kept wandering to the fish with the luminous organs and the rays, of which he must beware, and the dog-fish.

Only then, noticing his own preoccupation with the sea bottom and its citizens, he realized sharply that he'd made his decision. He remembered that first impulse to surface, immediately he found himself free, and felt some awe at the lightness with which he'd tossed the idea aside. And then the rush after the wardroom chair, and again he'd halted . . .

He was glad. He didn't want to go back to land.

But, he asked himself, why? Why would a man, or a being who had once been a man, choose the bottom of the sea instead of the earth? It was a free choice. He knew there was much beauty on earth. He had heard of it many times. But he also knew that beauty was a goddess with short arms. She never had reached his boarding-houses. Her fingers always fell short of hot hamburger sandwiches with green peas. Her touch was unknown in the misty rooms where the happy and sinful and sad and disappointed gathered to blot out what lay on top of their minds. Often her influence was weak even in the singing of hymns for the righteous. For the lonely and ill at ease she had no arms at all. Giles was sure of this.

It was a free choice, free as salt water, the first important free choice of his life. And it was easy to choose between the known and the unknown. He shifted his foot to a more comfortable position in the rung of the conning tower ladder and pulled the last of the skin from the fish. Slowly he began to eat the firm flesh, much in the manner of a man eating a cob of corn. ★

Make Way for the One-Eyed Monster

Continued from page 8

blocks that girdle the city are rapidly sprouting the new foliage of the TV aerial, and the small talk around town is peppered with tributes to the new gods of the television era: a puppet named "Howdy Doody," a wrestler who calls himself the "Golden Superman" and a none too successful radio comedian named Milton Berle who is currently the hottest thing on the telegriddle.

Berle prepared himself well in advance for his teledebut by rendering his schnozzle more photogenic. A plastic surgeon pared it down and Berle liked the effect so much he has since given further "schnoz trims" (as Variety, the show-business bible, calls them) to his friends for Christmas.

TV advertising is already overtaking radio advertising in the New York press. In one tabloid I counted a total of four full pages of TV ads compared with about two and a half of radio. There is, however, a better indication of the astonishing strides that TV has made in the past year: a swaddling infant in the advertising world, it has quickly lent itself to the same comparatives that have long been a part of the soap and cigarette hucksters' vocabulary. Each TV manufacturer now announces unequivocally that his set gives a bigger picture than that of any competitor.

"You're really socially ostracized if somebody has a bigger screen than you," a man with a 12-inch screen told me the other day. "They'll desert you like flies." As the average televiewer today has only a 10-inch screen, this man feels fairly safe for the moment, but there's a rumor that a fellow down the hall is thinking of buying a set with a 15-inch screen—a prospect that makes my acquaintance start up all beady with sweat in the dark of the night.

I had a glancing encounter with TV when my wife and I dropped around to the apartment of a New York magazine man. Our host was a moment or so late getting up from the office and, as his wife was in the kitchen, his 10-year-old daughter opened the door. The child surveyed us with a dazed look and then, as if drawn by a magnet, returned without a word to a low settee in the hall, sat down beside her eight-year-old brother and began to stare fixedly at the wall. Our hostess presently appeared and explained her daughter's actions: "They're waiting for Howdy Doody, you know."

I then saw what it was the two children were gazing at. Opposite the settee squatted the Monster, its great square Polyphemus eye returning the unwinking gaze of the youngsters. From its flat cranium there protruded two great beetlelike feelers, knobbed at the end. Later I learned this was a built-in antennae, but at the moment the whole machine bore an uncanny resemblance to one of the Insect Men of Mars.

On the screen a black and white cartoon was reaching a violent climax. The children watched it with sober interest. It had the jerky movements, the crude drawing and the simple story line of the early vintage animateds and reminded me nostalgically of the first cartoon I'd ever seen—Oswald the Rabbit in "Mississippi Mud," circa 1927.

The cartoon seemed to be shown from under a pool of gently rippling water and it had some of the qualities of an aluminum engraving, due to light contrasts. Our host, who arrived at this moment, apologized for this. "Honestly," he said, "the television picture has the same clarity as a modern motion picture—except at our place."

We moved into the drawing-room but the children remained behind, still staring fixedly at the eye. "Do you like this better than the radio?" I asked the little girl by way of a parting

shot. She gave me the withering glance I deserved. "The thing seems to act on the children like a . . . a soporific," said our hostess. "Anodyne," quickly corrected her husband, who works for Time.

The next day we attended a "television evening" at the invitation of a friend named Jim who has a friend who has a set.

"Always a crowd at good old Al's," Jim told me as we arrived at Al's apartment. "We're here in good time."

We were indeed. Al and his wife were half through supper and Al waved us toward the TV set and continued eating coleslaw. The set, a console model, formed the focal point of Al's apartment and performed the same function as a fireplace in a pre-TV room. Facing the set were three occasional chairs in a row behind which was a chesterfield, all arranged in theatre fashion. A newsreel, made up of films taken the previous day, was just finishing, and presently a placard appeared announcing the beginning of the Milton Berle show.

Berle In a False Nose

The entire show took place on the stage of a theatre, curtains closing after each item and parting to reveal new scenes. Four gas station attendants, standing before a painted gas station, gave a visual singing commercial about a motor oil and Berle arrived a moment later, wearing a toga and wig and driving a Roman chariot with four horses.

"Isn't it awful what you got to go through for a lousy $15,000 a week?" he asked an unseen audience which laughed madly at him.

After some more of this patter Berle introduced an acrobatic team of four men. Once again I had the feeling of nostalgia that the old-time cartoon had given me. Here, by means of this bright new medium, I was being re-introduced to a vaudeville act apparently identical with one I had last seen at Shea's Hippodrome in Toronto, circa 1930.

"Are there television shows all day long?" my wife was asking.

"Right from 7 a.m.," said our hostess happily. "That's why our kitchen looks the way it does."

Berle had returned sans toga and was introducing a man who he said had developed a new spring suit. The man walked across the stage wearing a suit to which giant springs were attached.

Then Berle introduced his first guest star, Keye Luke, the Chinese movie actor. Luke and Berle went through some patter then reappeared in Chinese dress and began to talk in pidgin English. "Who was that mandarin I seen you with last night?" Luke asked. "That was no mandarin," returned Berle, "that was a ukulele."

There was some more of this (Berle donned a false nose at one point), then Berle introduced his second guest, Ethel Merman, the Broadway musical star.

"Hey, they finally got Merman," shouted Al. "They finally got her for $5,000. They've been trying to get her on TV for a year and they finally did it."

Miss Merman appeared in a black evening gown which the ladies were quick to criticize. Something about the lighting gave her face a soiled appearance and a white horizontal line near the neck of the dress served to accentuate the flattened, somewhat obese look that the screen tends to give to TV actors.

"Poor Ethel," clucked one of the ladies. "She has no TV future."

Ethel sang a song, then she and Berle appeared dressed in turn-of-the-century motoring costumes (Berle also wore a tremendous mustache) and went through a patter routine before a painted replica of an early-vintage auto. "What kind of an automobile is that anyway?" Miss Merman wanted to know. "It's a Hardly Able," Berle answered.

The man who gave the commercial appeared dressed as an old-time bowler-hatted street hawker (selling motor oil) and went through a sure-fire vaudeville routine which at one point involved a tried and ancient wheeze in which a man enters, gyrating from side to side, and announces that he's a clock. "What time is it?" asked the hawker. "Eight o'clock," said the clock. "But I've got half past eight," said the hawker. "Then I must be slow," said the clock and speeded up his clock movements to the delight of the invisible audience.

I could be wrong, but I thought I detected on the faces of both these men the same look of fierce delight that had ennobled the countenances of the four acrobats. The look seemed to say: "We told you so. We always knew vaudeville would be back."

Berle and Miss Merman wound up the show with "Varsity Drag," circa late 1920's—Berle dressed in blazer and wide-bottomed trousers, Merman attired as a flapper.

By the time this hour-long show was over I found that I had been enjoying myself hugely. The telecast had borrowed virtually nothing from either radio or the movies and most of its material and format had been dredged out of a nostalgic past. There was only one thing missing.

"Hey," Jim said. "They didn't throw any custard pies tonight. Usually they throw pies or squirt somebody with a Seltzer bottle."

"They threw ketchup," said his wife cheerfully. "That announcer threw a rubber meatball soaked in ketchup."

Theatre in the Parlor

We watched for a couple of hours more, then Al turned off the set and said, "Now comes the horrible moment. We use each other." We had been sitting in the dark for the entire evening.

"If you should have a feeding problem about the time your daughter's one," Al's wife was saying to my wife, "just let her watch Howdy Doody. Honestly, you know, you stuff the food in their little mouths and they don't even know they're eating."

"The trouble is getting them to bed," said Al. "The kids never want to go to bed any more."

"It's different from radio," Jim said. "The trouble with television is that all the shows can be considered kids' shows."

At this point I noticed we were all still sitting theatre fashion and that the three persons in the front row were twisting around awkwardly to talk to the three in the rear. This was adjusted somewhat, but for the remainder of the telecast something of this orderly theatre-row effect remained.

A couple of days later we returned to Toronto, a town where TV has yet to make its mark. In our apartment we have two small radios, one for the living room and one for the bedroom. We always thought they were pretty good to have around, but now, somehow, they've taken on a shoddy, almost 19th-century look. And when we twist the familiar knobs to tune in the familiar programs we feel rather as Henry Ford must have felt when, after taking the first whirl in his new horseless carriage, he was reluctantly forced to step back into a buggy and jolt off down the rutted road. ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

Conservative side the great intangible is the public's sheer weariness of the Liberal Government. Even some of the Liberals' own backbenchers sometimes feel that they've been in power long enough.

Up to now this feeling has been frustrated by the lack of a real alternative. This year the alternative is there.

* * *

Food and Drug Act Regulations have lately been revised by the Health and Welfare Department. One new rule decreed that any product bearing the name of a constituent material must be made *predominantly* of that material. Corn syrup would have to be mainly from corn, and so on.

"Rye" whisky is made of several grains—not for 85 years has it been chiefly rye. Canadian distilleries of "rye" would have had either to go back to the formula of 1865 or advertise their product as "corn whisky."

One of the largest distilleries in Canada is located in Health Minister Paul Martin's riding. The new regulation was amended with exemplary speed.

Rye whisky made of corn is still rye.

* * *

Some western M.P.'s of the older parties are worried about the provincial election in British Columbia, which comes just before the federal. They don't think the CCF will actually defeat the Liberal-Conservative coalition government of B.C., but they do think the coalition has worked itself into a needlessly weak and perilous position.

Root of the trouble is the coalition formula devised by ex-Premier John Hart. That formula provided that a Liberal candidate be nominated in Liberal seats, a Progressive Conservative in Progressive Conservative seats, and that joint conventions of half Grits, half Tories should pick the candidates in ridings held by the CCF.

In practice this has meant the renomination of sitting members in coalition seats, and of colorless compromise candidates in the other seats. Grits and Tories are suspicious of each other; neither will support a really aggressive candidate of the other party. So they play safe by sticking to the men they have—and these men are getting old.

Of the 18 Liberals in the present coalition all but two are over 50 and all but four over 60. Among the 15 Progressive Conservatives only one is less than 50, and he is not running again. On the other hand half the CCF's 12 members are 50 years old or less.

This political cold-storage system is doing grave damage to the older provincial parties, according to apprehensive M.P.'s. Aggressive and ambitious young men are discouraged, frustrated, frozen out of provincial politics—except in the CCF. The young and vigorous in the anti-Socialist camp either concentrate on federal politics or drop out altogether.

* * *

There's an odd story behind the recent bill presented by Justice Minister Stuart Garson, authorizing the appointment of six new Superior Court judges in Montreal.

The need for more judges in Montreal has been serious for several years and is now urgent. Some 5,000 cases are in arrears at the present moment, and the total is mounting every month as more new cases come in than the courts can handle. The average plaintiff can't get a new case heard for two years from the date at which it's first set down for trial. Representations have been made by the Superior Court in the strongest terms, to Quebec and to Ottawa, but so far no new judges have been named.

Under the British North America Act it's Ottawa's duty to appoint the judges, but Quebec's duty to create the vacancies—i.e., amend the Judicature Act to provide new judgeships. Normally Quebec would pass such an act, then request Ottawa to make the appointments.

In Quebec the Duplessis Government has—after much delay—finally passed the necessary act, but has still not proclaimed it. In an effort to expedite matters Ottawa has now passed an act for the appointment of judges to positions not yet created; the next step will be to try to persuade Premier Duplessis to proclaim his own act so that the Montreal court can be enlarged and the arrears cleaned up.

No one but Mr. Duplessis knows why the Quebec act has not been proclaimed. Cynical Grits around Ottawa believe, however, that he is stalling until after the election. If a Progressive Conservative Government should take power Mr. Duplessis may think he might have something to say about who got the appointments. ★

Until You Are Dead

Continued from page 7

intense suffering to prison officials who must carry out the verdict; has a degrading and brutalizing influence on society.

Even a well-managed execution is a revolting, barbaric affair that can never be reconciled with an era we proudly call civilized. Much less so the occasional bungle when torture and mutilation are perpetrated in the name of justice.

It is the hangman's grim duty to estimate the strength of the condemned man's neck, size up his weight, then figure out how far he must drop so that the neck breaks without the head being yanked off. If the drop is too short the neck isn't broken and the victim dies of slow suffocation; if too long there is danger of decapitation.

And the Canadian gallows have seen several such decapitations. There was one in Montreal in 1935. Mrs. Tomasino Sarno was very heavy and the hangman was given her weight as of the time she entered jail—but she had gained 40 pounds while awaiting death. A four foot drop was allowed (some men must drop 10 feet) but even this was to much. The neck tore, and the head and body thudded separately to the bottom of the scaffold pit.

In Toronto several years ago a hangman erred in measuring his rope and his victim landed on his knees on the ground below. When the doctor entered the enclosed lower cell he found the hangman bearing down with all his weight on the shoulders of the frantically struggling victim to keep the noose tightened. The hangman held the prisoner down for 18 minutes before the doctor declared him dead.

At a Calgary hanging in 1935 a doctor declared the victim dead and the body was cut down. Then an arm jerked and the man groaned. He remained alive for another 15 minutes while authorities debated whether he

Continued on page 60

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Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent

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More Jobs—More Income

More people are working than in any previous peacetime period — nearly a million more than in 1939. National income is *three times* as high as in 1939, is more widely distributed than ever before.

More Savings

People have nearly 2½ million more bank accounts than before the war. They have put aside more than 4 billion dollars in personal bank savings.

More Production and Trade

The products of our farms and forests, factories and mines and fisheries are worth twice as much as ten years ago. And Canada's exports are more than *four times* greater. Canada is the world's third largest trading nation.

More Family Allowances

The federal government has, since 1945, invested *one billion* dollars in Canada's children. Four million boys and girls in 1½ million families are receiving a better start in life. Benefits are being extended this year.

More Old Age Pensions

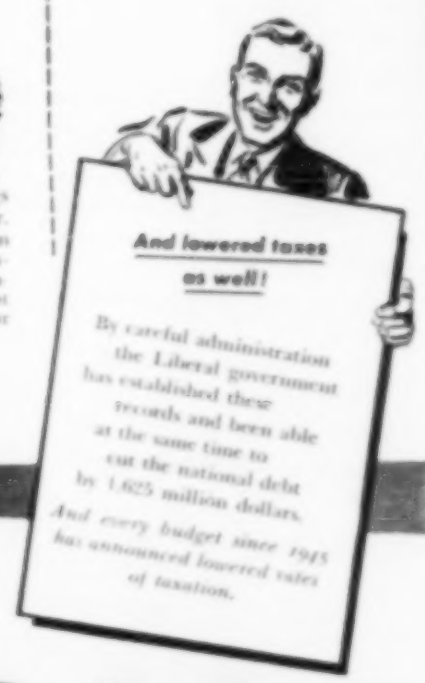
Federal payments have been twice increased since 1945. The new pension basis is now increased to $40.00 a month, providing greater comfort and security for the aged and blind.

National Health

Health grants to provinces are helping to build a stronger nation. Many projects are already under way: nine province-wide health surveys; 15,000 additional hospital beds; training for health specialists; increased health services and research.

Aid to Home Builders

Close to 300,000 dwellings have been built since the war. More homes have been built in Canada, in proportion to population, than in any other country, and more were built last year than any time in our history.



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Continued from page 58

should be hanged over again. The doctor reported to a coroner's jury: "It is impossible for me to say definitely that he did not feel pain during those 15 minutes."

But none of these modern bunglings match the gruesome episode of 1931 at Long Point, Ont. The rope broke and a groaning man staggered away, the rope dangling behind him. He was chased, recaptured and hanged a second time.

Little wonder the hangman's profession has the highest suicide rate of any job. John Ellis, a well-known English hangman, was so unnerved when he had to hang a woman who was carried unconscious from her cell to the scaffold that he attempted unsuccessfully to hang himself afterward. His successor, Pierrepoint Sr., committed suicide.

Judges Can Be Wrong, Too

Opponents of the death penalty argue that courts, being human, are subject to the inevitable human errors. Because of this they say that justice should not claim the right to pass an irrevocable sentence.

Supporters of the death penalty argue that most cases in which executed men have later been proven innocent occurred many years ago. They insist that miscarriages of justice are impossible under present laws. But the opponents cite many cases in which innocent men, even in modern times, have been snatched from the gallows at the last moment.

Four years ago Harold Ferguson, of Hamilton, Ont., was charged with the murder of a tailor. In a preceding case an arsonist who had set fire to a public hall, causing the death of 10 persons, could be convicted only of manslaughter and given a life sentence. Hamilton thought the arsonist should have hanged, and feeling was high during the murder trial which followed. Ferguson was convicted and sentenced to death.

Relatives, convinced of Ferguson's innocence, dug up new defense evidence. Nineteen days before he was to hang, Court of Appeal quashed the conviction and didn't even suggest a new trial. Ferguson was given his freedom. If relatives had not been able to finance their own private investigation he probably would have hanged.

Edwin M. Borchard, professor of law at Yale University, recently listed 29 erroneous murder convictions. He said public clamor after a murder "tends to cloud judgment and reason and leads to miscarriages of justice." In eight of Borchard's cases no crimes were committed at all! Persons alleged to have been murdered turned up hale and hearty while the "murderers" were serving life terms or awaiting execution.

Charles Stielow was sentenced to be electrocuted for murder in 1916 in New York. On the eve of execution a stay was granted for further investigation. The investigation failed and another execution date was set. Stielow had bid farewell to his wife and two children and had only 40 minutes of life left when another last-minute stay was granted. Again the defense failed and he was sentenced to death a third time. The public and Press protested that he should be given a life sentence after so many torturing delays. The governor yielded and Stielow began serving a life term. A year later another man confessed to the murder. Stielow was freed, and when last heard of was a garage worker in Buffalo.

But the strongest argument against the death penalty lies not in its gruesome barbarities or in the tragedy of innocent lives it has claimed. The basic denunciation is that it fails as deterrent. If the death penalty is needed as a deterrent, as its supporters claim, then more than 30 countries which have abolished it and substituted life imprisonment should be running with the blood of wholesale murder. Yet in every one of these countries the murder rate has not increased; in the majority it has *decreased*.

Norway hauled down its gallows in 1905 when the murder rate was .122 per 100,000 of population. During the next 29 years the rate dropped to .06 (one half), kept on dropping until today it is around .03.

Sweden's last execution was in 1910. Under the death penalty it had five times the murders it has today.

Switzerland cut down the noose in 1942. Death penalty advocates decried this as a foolhardy step, for murders always increase during wartime. But Switzerland's murder rate started to drop immediately: in the three years before 1942 it was .273 per 100,000; in the three years afterward it became .163.

In the U. S. six states have ousted the death penalty and 42 retain it. The murder rate is twice as high per capita in states which still resort to capital punishment as in the six which abandoned it. Illinois, a death-penalty state, has the highest murder rate of the union; Rhode Island, an abolitionist state, the lowest.

States with no death penalty are Maine, Rhode Island, Michigan, Wisconsin, North Dakota and Minnesota. Their 1944 murder rate per 100,000 ranged from Rhode Island's .06 to Michigan's 3.3; the rate for U. S. as a whole was 4.9.

The abolitionists don't contend that lack of a death penalty is the full explanation for the fewer murders in the six abolitionist states. Cultural and social conditions influence the murder rate. Murders are more numerous in cities, industrialized areas and in mixed nationality centres. But even when these other influences are considered there still remains a gap which can be explained only on the grounds that capital punishment actually increases the number of murders.

The Urge to "Shoot It Out"

There are two possible explanations. The fear of executing innocent men has hedged the death penalty with so many legal safeguards that in death-penalty states it is more difficult to convict. The death penalty frequently influences juries to bring in acquittals where, if the sentence was life imprisonment, they wouldn't hesitate to convict. Criminals recognize that it is easier to get off under a death-penalty law and this has a tendency to increase murders.

On the other hand, where a murderer knows that the evidence is overwhelmingly against him and he is faced with arrest in a capital-punishment state, he may shoot it out rather than surrender. Thus one murder sometimes grows to three or four before the slayer is captured.

The U. S. has the highest murder rate in the world—from four to seven murders annually per 100,000 people. Canada has a relatively low rate—around one per 100,000. Britain is always among the lowest with .3 to .4 per 100,000.

Opponents of capital punishment claim Britain's low murder score has two explanations. Firearms are hard to get in Britain and criminals rarely carry them. British police have a reputation for high efficiency. Say the abolitionists: "The deterrent in Britain is not the severity of punishment but its certainty."

Lewis E. Lawes, former warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary in New York, who died recently, attended 303 electrocutions yet was one of capital punishment's staunchest opponents.

Warden Lawes said many times: "If the deterrent principle is the prime consideration, why shouldn't we urge the public to attend executions so that the deterrent effect would be firmly impressed on the public mind?"

This was the motive behind old-time public hangings when thousands paid heavily for gallows-side seats. But there is plenty of evidence to show that they learned little. At one time in England more than 200 crimes were punishable with death, among them offenses like shooting a rabbit on a private estate and pickpocketing. Yet pickpockets were always present among the crowds that gathered to witness a less fortunate pickpocket being hanged.

In 1866 the chaplain of Bristol prison ridiculed the deterrent theory by reporting that of 167 murderers he had led to the gallows 164 had attended public executions without apparently being deterred from committing the same crime themselves.

The Crime of Passion

The death penalty is no deterrent because the majority of murders are committed in moments of passion and emotional stress when the murderer is incapable of considering consequences. Said J. Stanley Sheppard, head of the Salvation Army prison department in eastern U. S., in a Toronto address: "Capital punishment is no deterrent because 85% of murders are unpremeditated."

The alternative to capital punishment—life imprisonment—isn't a radical idea, for in Canada and Britain today a large number of condemned murderers are sent to prison.

Winston Churchill, George Bernard Shaw and many prominent judges have argued that life imprisonment is worse than death. Under the harsh bread-and-water penal servitude of a century ago this may have been true, but in modern prisons where food is of good quality, where prisoners are taught trades and provided with entertainment it is obviously untrue. Our law recognizes that life imprisonment is more humane than the death penalty for only the worst murderers are hanged, and life terms granted where there are extenuating circumstances. And no murderer certainly has ever pleaded to be hanged rather than imprisoned.

In practice there is today no such thing as life imprisonment. A life sentence in Canada, Britain and most other countries actually means a term which averages 12 years and then parole.

Some taxpayers ask why they should be forced to support a murderer for possibly the rest of his life in prison. This cost is inconsequential. In Canada it would mean about one additional prisoner for every 1,000 already serving sentences.

Experience has proved that there is a greater chance of rehabilitating the murderer than most other criminals. The majority of murderers, remember, are not criminals at heart but the victims of a passion that momentarily got out of control. Says Sir Basil Thompson of Scotland Yard: "You have to be in charge of a prison to realize that the murderer is rarely a criminal by nature. But for the grace of God he is just you or I, only more unlucky."

Among the hundreds of murder-case paroles in Britain there is only one in which the released man committed a second murder. In Canada there are no such cases. ★

To Young Men who are *Planning* their Future

You may be wondering what career or profession to take up . . . what will be best for you in the long run. Like all young men, you want certain fundamental things in the work you do—the kind of work you can put your heart into because you like it, an assured, good income, encouragement for promotion, time and opportunity for recreation and a pension to look forward to when your working days are over.

Thousands of young men of high calibre are today enjoying these advantages in the R.C.A.F. And they are not only finding a satisfying life, but are rendering a real service to Canada. For you, as for them, the R.C.A.F. can set the pattern now for a future of personal achievement.

In planning your future you would do well to examine first the advantages which the R.C.A.F. has to offer young Canadians. A talk with a member of the recruiting staff may help you make this decision which is so important to you—and of course you do so without obligation.

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IN MONTREAL

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ON DOMINION SQUARE

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WIT AND WISDOM

Softer but Not Pleasanter—An insomnia victim tells us he has discovered something far more effective than counting sheep to put him to sleep. His solution is to read Hansard. It's also safer than sleeping pills, because you can't take an accidental overdose of Hansard. —*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

Three Stages of Woman—This is a woman's world. When a man is born people say, "How is the mother?" When he marries, they say, "What a lovely bride!" And when he dies they say, "How much did he leave her?"—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune.*

Lay That Shovel Down!—Canada's atomic-energy expert reveals that one pound of nuclear fuel holds the energy of 1,000,000 tons of coal. Now if the experts can only figure out some way in which the nuclear stuff can be spooned into the home furnace the man of the house will be forever grateful. —*Fort William Times-Journal.*

Either That or the Hook—A man is but a worm of the dust—he comes along, wiggles around a while and finally some chicken gets him. —*Chatham News.*

Uppers or Lowers?—American men, according to a government survey, are 100% for underwear but only 50% for pyjamas.—*Port Arthur News-Chronicle.*

Lullaby Revamped—Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, the baby-sitter will come to thee soon. —*Toronto Star.*

Scored as a Foul—A British housewife reports that she found an American baseball cap in a tin of dried eggs. She should now search carefully for a dehydrated shortstop. —*Peterborough Examiner.*

Watch That Slice!—Some historian has recalled that Mary, Queen of Scots, was a golf enthusiast in the 1560's. If she had stuck to tournaments and stayed out of politics, she might not have lost her comely head. —*Brantford Expositor.*

Substitute Verse—When Jones' little girl was born
She set their hearts a-flutter;
They named her Oleomargarine,
For they hadn't any but her.
—*Halifax Maritime Merchant.*

But It's Not Fatal, Alas—Politicitis is a pernicious affliction that obscures the vision, deadens the olfactory nerve, loosens the tongue, inflates the ego, toughens the skin and hardens the heart.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

WILFIE **By Jay Work**

"I warned you this course had some wicked traps . . ."

MAILBAG

What Kind of Love Makes a Love Story?

What has happened to your fiction writers? In Maclean's April 1 appear two "love" stories which are so unnatural and so depressing as to be almost nauseating. "The Lovers" presented a picture of two people so desperately in love that they have no children. In "A Place for Children" another frustrated male "found the only girl I'll ever want" and yet dreamed in vain of a daughter who never materialized. Couldn't we have healthy, sane love stories for a change? —A. Fraser Reid, Ocean Park, B.C.

● I am not an extensive reader of fiction but "The Lovers" and "A Place for Children" attracted me. As fiction they were excellent. I say this because of the high standards of life that were maintained throughout by all characters in both stories . . . In both stories the worth-while things of life are kept in their proper perspective.—C. F. Archibald, Truro, N.S.

Mechanic to Pilot

As one of the mechanics of the two Bell 47D helicopters that you state are stationed at Rivers, Man., in your article "Whirlaway to Work," April 1, I would point out that Mr. Ronald A. Keith is either lefthanded or he is in error when he states that the elevation control stick as he calls it is operated with the right hand. The correct name of this control is the collective pitch control and it is on the left of both the pilot and co-pilot. However it is a very good article otherwise.—An Airman, RCAF, Rivers, Man.

Ex-RCAF pilot Keith confesses his error. However, he purposely avoided the term "collective pitch control" as too technical for the chair-borne reader.—The Editors.

Fan Dept.

Oh, brother! Can that Fred Sloman ever write a story to really get at the very insides of your heart! Here's one otherwise hardhearted female who won't forget "The Tin Coat" (Feb. 15) in a hurry.—Helen Yorke, North Bay, Ont.

● My congratulations to Pierre Berton for the closest thing to a perfect article ("Git Aloft, Little Dogie," March 1). Hold on to that man Berton!—Critical Reader, Toronto.

Barnyard Stuff?

This "adultery" article (on artificial insemination, Feb. 15) has hit the all-time low for Maclean's. So keep your dirty rag in "Toronto the Good" with its 30,000 Communists. I shall use every opportunity to discredit your magazine because of its immorality. And I am sorry to feel obliged to; there have been such good articles on decent affairs. But this barnyard stuff is disgusting. Shame on you.—Rev. Father D. J. Drohan, Brudenell, Ont.

● Re: letters of protest to your article on artificial insemination. Do you consider your fan mail is an accurate poll of the actual sentiments of the public? Personally I subscribe to Maclean's largely because of its broad, fair-minded policy of publication and I have never, ever, met anyone as inconsiderate of people's needs as your recent letter writers. Do you suppose you are hearing from just highly emotional people rather than getting a true poll? —C. Calvin Wight, Hamilton, Ont.

Fighting Communism

Congratulations on Blair Fraser's fine article (April 1) "Labor Cleans House." The greatest foe of Communism is the responsible, straight-thinking union members. The 10% who face Moscow and bow every evening . . . will be ousted, have no fear, not with smear campaigns in the yellow red press, but by democratic methods . . . May I also state that the support of such reputable periodicals as Maclean's will be a big hammer in the hands of us who would like to crack a few more red skulls.—Bill Reader, London, Ont.

Record Trip?

In McKenzie Porter's "Three Thousand Nights on Wheels" (March 15) the author portrays the porter peering out the window and then advising the passenger that the train was "three minutes late" or "12 minutes ahead." I am sure it will come as a surprise to the officials of the CNR that one of their transcontinental trains was running 12 minutes ahead of time. That just isn't done, you know. Mr. Porter should check his orders with the train dispatcher.—M. E. Collins, Edmonton, Alta.

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

GRADUATES in agriculture at the University of British Columbia this spring leave their old alma mater convinced their college life has been a full one. In addition to all the normal year-end ceremonies didn't they attend the official christening of a fountain erected in honor of a retiring professor? Didn't they watch in awe as the Dean of Agriculture solemnly

turned the tap to unleash the fountain? And didn't the sparkling jet of Vancouver's incomparable water swoosh right out of the fountain and soak the Dean?

• • •

Without anger a citizen of Saint John, N.B., recently addressed to city council a request for a street light near his home, listing as his objections to continued darkness:

His sister's purse had been stolen from her bedroom window.

His car had been broken into four times.

Three tricycles had been stolen from his vestibule.

Drunks, loafers and Peeping Toms made more use of his back yard than he did himself.

Youngsters made a practice of stealing reflectors from his license plates for their bicycles; then they threw away the license plates.

The milkman had cut his milk supply because milk, bottles and ticket money were constantly disappearing from the milk box.

Council decided the city could afford an extra 200-watt lamp and fixture to lighten the citizen's load.

• • •

In a determined campaign to rid their comfortable but somewhat dated Montreal home of mice, a family captured two of the rodents in carefully laid traps, and disposed of the bodies in sensible urban fashion by flushing them down the toilet. The next victim of the traps, unfortunately, was their three-year-old son, who got his fingers caught while rummaging in the pantry. His mother tried to soothe his tears by kidding him along as to how she had caught a funny mouse with no fur and no long tail in her trap. But this only caused sonny to wail louder than ever in protest—"But I can't swim!"

• • •

A Toronto lady we've heard about was more than normally annoyed at herself for leaving a couple of books in a restaurant. When she telephoned the shop she was told that some subsequent and light-fingered customer had walked off with the volumes instead of turning them in. The lady put no faith at all in the restaurant proprietor's expressed hope that it might have been a mistake, but she left her name just in case someone should return the books.

They did, two months later and with an enclosed note: "Sorry I couldn't finish them sooner. Thanks a lot. Both good."

• • •

Any cop knows that there's nothing harder to make stick than a gaming charge—every piece of evidence must be carefully fitted together and presented to the court on a well-polished platter. The crown attorney at Windsor, N.S., was being no more than thorough the other day

when he not only entered a confiscated slot machine as Exhibit A and put a policeman on the stand to swear he had seen people putting nickels in the machine in the offending premises—he asked the officer to demonstrate how the machine worked.

The cop borrowed a nickel from the crown attorney, put it in the slot and pulled the lever. Jackpot—all over the courtroom floor.

Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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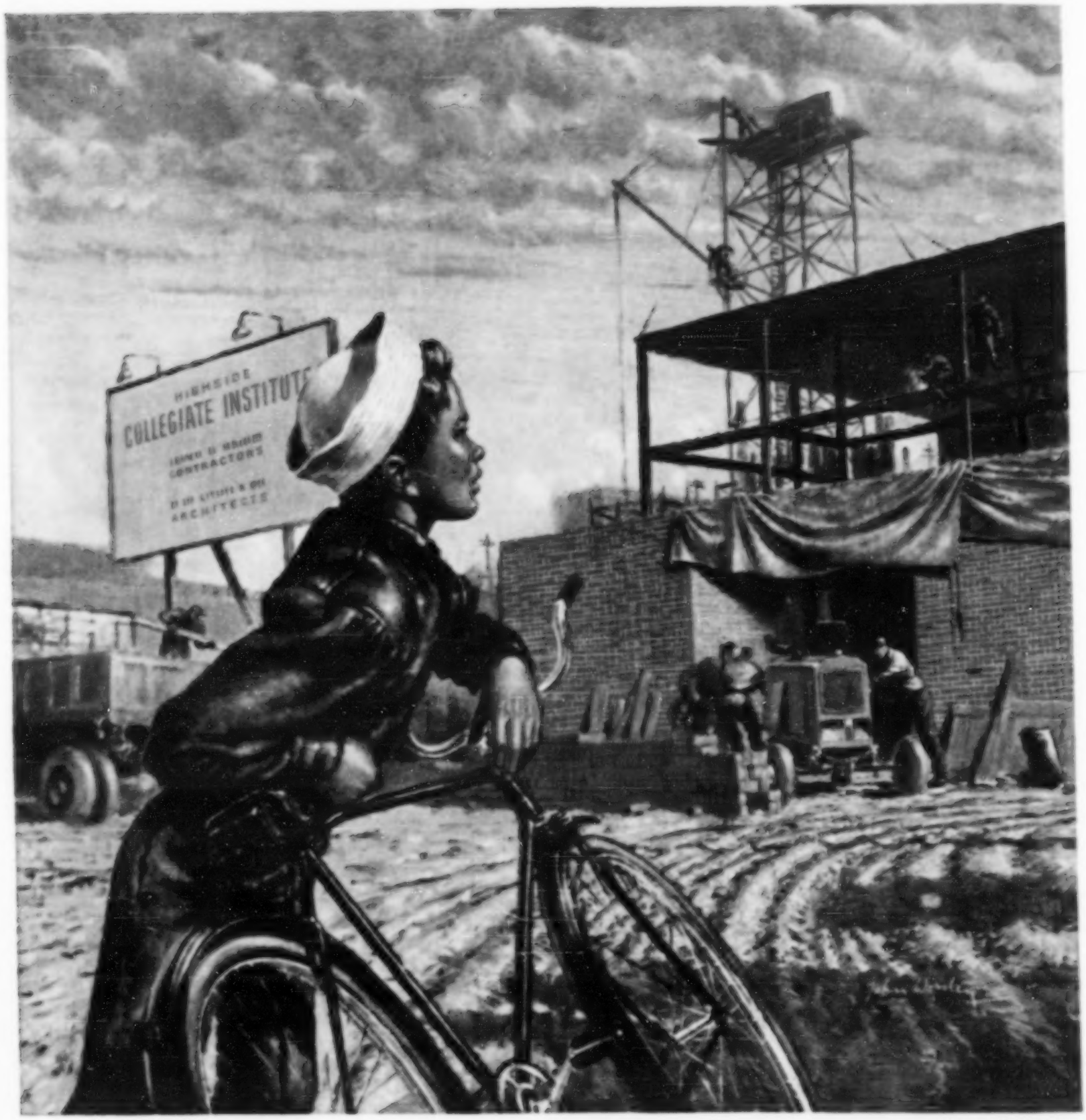

Painted by John Wardley

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